

**CHAPTER TWO**

**THE FAMILY  
OF  
MOURITS MOURITSEN  
AND  
MARY ELIZABETH  
HILLYARD**

## A Mary Elizabeth Hillyard Mouritsen

Mary Elizabeth Hillyard was born September 28, 1855, in Salt Lake City, Utah. She was the second child and oldest daughter of Thomas Hillyard and Mary Ann Heaps. Mary was named after her grandmothers, Mary and Elizabeth Wool, who were sisters.

Her parents had recently emigrated from Dordington, Cambridgeshire, England, to Utah because of their conversion to the L.D.S. faith. They joined the Mormon church on January 29, 1849, and they arrived in Salt Lake City on October 11, 1854. Mary Elizabeth was one of nine children; she had an older brother Thomas Alma and a younger sister and brothers — Eliza Ann, William, John Frederick, Nephi, Hyrum, Joseph, and George Albert. Her sister Eliza died at age twenty and her younger brothers Nephi, Joseph, and George Albert died as babies or small children.

In England her father had served an apprenticeship of five years as a carpenter and two years as a millwright. He then continued on in this work until he was a full-fledged millwright. He lived in Provo for a short time but then was called by the church to go to Cache Valley to help build mills. The family located first at Richmond where Thomas built a flour mill and a sawmill. The sawmill burned down a few days after it was built.

The family moved to Smithfield about 1863. Thomas built sawmills in Smithfield and Franklin, Idaho; he was operating a sawmill at the time of his death. Because of his business ventures Thomas prospered and was considered well-to-do in Smithfield.

Mary Elizabeth's mother was a practical nurse and spent a great deal of her time in caring for the sick. She never took a penny for her time nor the medicine she used. Mary Ann took great pride in dressing up her two girls and curling their hair. The girls always had nice clothes.

Mary Elizabeth was a strong girl; she had always enjoyed good health as a child. She had dark eyes and wore her hair in ringlets. At school she excelled in arithmetic. She always had her prob-



**Mary Elizabeth Hillyard at about the time of her marriage to Mourits Mouritsen.**

lems done correctly and the other students often copied their problems from her work. Little else is recorded of Mary Elizabeth's childhood and youth.

At the age of fourteen years and eight months, she married Mourits Mouritsen, a twenty-two-year-old Smithfield bachelor. The young couple traveled by wagon to Salt Lake City where they were married in the Salt Lake Endowment House. They bought a corner lot at Main and Depot Street in Smithfield. They built a one-room log house where they lived for quite some time. In this log house were born all of their five children — Mourits, Mary Elizabeth, John, Eliza, and Loretta. Mourits and John both died in infancy; they lived just long enough to be named. Loretta, or Retta as she was called, lived only about a year. Even the oldest daughter, Mary Elizabeth, was very sickly as an infant. All of these problems must have been a sore trial for Mary Elizabeth.

Mary was a very ambitious woman and a good manager. It is recorded in the *History of Smithfield* that she was one of the counselors for the first



**Family Group about 1887: left to right — Mary Elizabeth, Edward and Eliza Jane.**

Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association which was organized in Smithfield on May 12, 1875. Mary liked to sew and she owned about the only sewing machine in Smithfield. It was very fashionable to wear pleating around the skirts of the dresses in those days. She used to pleat and hem the cloth for a fixed cost per yard. She made a great deal of money that way. A sample of this kind of work can be observed in the picture of her daughters. Note the dress worn by her oldest daughter, Mary Elizabeth. She was an excellent seamstress and took in dressmaking. Because of rheumatism she could not run the sewing machine herself, nor could she put her hands in the cold water to wring the press cloth for the pressing of the pleating, so her daughter had to help by doing these tasks for her mother. Mary also did beautiful embroidery and needlework of all kinds. The baby dress for her daughter, Mary Elizabeth, was embroidered by Mary; it is almost solid cutwork. One can hardly imagine the time and patience put into this single article.

In the spring of 1879 the log house in which they lived was moved to the rear and a beautiful new brick home was built. By Christmas of 1880 Mary had made enough rag carpet to cover the floors in the new house. They bought an organ, the first one in Smithfield; they also had two very fancy cupboards made — one for the kitchen and

one for the living room. Many people called to see the new cupboards and to admire the house. Just before Christmas some company came to visit and see the cupboards. Mary had been working hard all day, cooking and making the Christmas pies. She had put the pies in the bottom of the cupboard. When the company was looking at the cupboard, little Mary decided to show them the pies too. Mary was just a little upset with her daughter because she then felt obligated to serve the company her Christmas pies.

Mary was a devoted wife and mother. She knew enough about psychology to counsel her daughters to never ask their father for things they wanted until after he had eaten his supper and started to play his violin. The girls quickly learned that they nearly always got their wishes when they followed her advice.

Mary's health was very poor during her married life. She suffered a great deal of the time with rheumatism. They used to wrap her in red flannel bandages from head to foot. It was sometime in 1880 that Loretta, her last baby, died; after that Mary didn't seem to take the same interest in life. She died January 5, 1881 at the age of twenty-six. She was buried in the Smithfield Cemetery. In those days no one had cemetery lots. All the graves in the old cemetery are still there but many are unknown. Mourits dug the grave well and put flat rocks and mortar in the cracks. Then after the casket was placed in the grave, he put more flat rocks on the top and mortared them in place so that the grave couldn't sink in and would be well preserved. Her daughter Mary, who was only eight, watched all this and worried how her mother would ever get out on Resurrection morning. Headstones mark her grave and Loretta's grave, Plat B, Lot #42, Grave #11 and Grave #13; it is assumed that the other two babies are buried in the adjacent grave (#12).

#### *Children:*

A1	Mourits Mouritsen	
	Born 1871	Died as infant
*A2	Mary Elizabeth Mouritsen	
	Born 6 Jul 1872	Died 25 October 1958
A3	John Mouritsen	
	Born 1874	Died as infant
*A4	Eliza Jane Mouritsen	
	Born 7 Mar 1876	Died 23 Sep 1941
A5	Loretta Mouritsen	
	Born 1879	Died about 1 year old

HUSBAND		Mourits MOURITSEN		Mourits MOURITSEN 1849		Husband		Mourits MOURITSEN 1849	
Born		28 Jan 1849		Place		Ronnesholm Tileworks, Vrellev, Hiorring, Denmark		Wife	
Chr.		25 Feb 1849		Place		Vrellev, Hiorring, Denmark		Mary Elizabeth HILLYARD	
Mar.		3 May 1870		Place		Endowment House, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		Mourits Mouritsen Family Organization	
Died		23 Sep 1922		Place		Bennington, Bear Lake, Idaho		State of	
Bur.		25 Sep 1922		Place		Lot 43, Block A, Section 2, Bennington Cemetery		Mission	
HUSBAND'S FATHER		Lars MOURITSEN		Place		Bennington Cemetery		RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND	
HUSBAND'S MOTHER		Maren SORENSEN		Place		Bennington Cemetery		RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE	
OTHER WIVES		(2) 22 Oct 1885, Susan Elizabeth WILDMAN; (3) 22 Oct 1885, Karen HANSEN		Place				RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND	
<p><b>WIFE</b> (1) Mary Elizabeth HILLYARD</p> <p>Born 28 Sep 1855 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</p> <p>Chr. Smithfield, Cache, Utah</p> <p>Died 5 Jan 1881 Place Lot 42, Plat B, Smithfield Cemetery</p> <p>Bur. Jan 1881 Place Smithfield, Cache, Utah</p> <p>WIFE'S FATHER Thomas HILLYARD MOTHER Mary Ann HEAPS</p> <p>WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS</p>									
<p><b>CHILDREN</b></p> <p>List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth</p> <p>Given Names SURNAME</p>									
1	M	Mourits MOURITSEN	1871	Smithfield	Cache	Utah	15 May 1894	25 Oct 1938	1871
2	F	Mary Elizabeth MOURITSEN	6 Jul 1872	Smithfield	Cache	Utah	Robert GRIFFITHS	1874	
3	M	John MOURITSEN	1874	Smithfield	Cache	Utah	4 Dec 1895	23 Sep 1941	
4	F	Eliza Jane MOURITSEN	7 Mar 1876	Smithfield	Cache	Utah	William Hamer CANTWELL	1878	
5	F	Loretta MOURITSEN	1878	Smithfield	Cache	Utah			
6									
7									
8									
9									
10									
11									

## LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED (DATE)	ENDOWED (DATE)	SEALING TO HUSBAND (DATE)	SEALING TO WIFE (DATE)	SEALING TO CHILDREN (DATE)
1 Nov 1866	28 Nov 1866	3 May 1870	3 May 1870	3 May 1870
8 Jul 1866	3 May 1870	3 May 1870	3 May 1870	3 May 1870
Child	Child	Child	Child	Child
2 Sep 1880	3 Sep 1925	3 Sep 1925	3 Sep 1925	3 Sep 1925
Child	Child	Child	Child	Child
3 Apr 1884	4 Dec 1895	4 Dec 1895	4 Dec 1895	4 Dec 1895
Child	Child	Child	Child	Child

FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR FILING ONLY

DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

YES ☐ NO ☐

## Sources of Information

### Births:

Mourits — Parish Registers of Vrejlev, p. 79, #2 (Film #049,191); Mary Elizabeth Hillvard — Smithfield LDS Ward Records, p. 78 (Film #025,611); Mourits (Jr.) — No Civil or Church Record/Family Bible of Mary M. Griffiths in possession of Robert E. Griffiths, 10 Terrace Place, Logan, Utah 84321; Mary Elizabeth Mouritsen — Smithfield LDS Ward Records, p. 78 (Film #025,611); John — No Civil or Church Record/Family Bible of Mary M. Griffiths; Eliza — Smithfield LDS Ward Records, p. 78 (Film #025,611); Loretta — No Civil or Church Record/Family Bible of Mary M. Griffiths.

### Marriages and Sealings:

Mourits and Mary — No Civil Record/Endowment House Sealings, Book F, p. 163, #15719 (Film #183,396); Mourits and Susan — No Civil Record/Logan Temple Sealings, Book A, p. 60, #1073 (Film #178,135); Mourits and Karen — No Civil Record/Logan Temple Sealings, Special Book of Polygamous Marriages, presently (1976) inaccessible.

### Deaths:

Mourits — Idaho Death Certificate #39790; Mary E. Hillvard — No Civil or Church Record/Smithfield Cemetery Records, Small Gray Book, #230; Mourits (Jr.), John, and Loretta — No Civil or Church Record/Family Bible of Mary M. Griffiths; Mary E. Mouritsen — Utah Death Certificate #58-03-0182; Eliza — Utah Death Certificate #168.

### Baptisms:

Mourits — Self-Endowment Record, Endowment House Records, Book F, p. 88, #1016 (Film #183,405); Mary E. Hillvard — Self-Endowment Record, Endowment House Records, Book G, p. 169, #5111 (Film #183,406); Mary E. Mouritsen and Eliza — Smithfield LDS Ward Records, p. 78 (Film #025,611).

### Endowments:

Mourits — Endowment House, Book F, p. 88, #1016 (Film #183,405); Mary E. Hillvard — Endowment House, Book G, p. 169, #5111 (Film #183,406); Mary E. Mouritsen — Salt Lake Temple, Book F, p. 909, #22577 (Film #184,077); Eliza — Logan Temple, Book A, p. 400, #14372 (Film #178,052).

## Necessary Explanations

### Name Discrepancies:

— Mourits is spelled *Mourits* in many of the early records. On his endowment record and sealing to his wife he is recorded with the name *Lars*; however, he was christened and recorded in all

Danish records as Mourits. Similarly the surname Mouritsen is spelled as *Mouritsen*, *Mourtsen*, *Mouritsen*, or *Mourtsen*. Mourits was recorded in the Danish records with the patronymical surname of *Larsen*. The name was changed to agree with his father's surname of Mouritsen when the family came to America.

— Karen Hansen, third wife, was known as Carrie.  
— Loretta's grave marker gives her name as Retta.

### Place Discrepancies:

— The birthplace of Mourits is given as *Goolager, Goolager, Vendside, Jylland*, or *Stum* on various records. *Goolager* and *Gulager* are misspellings of *Guldager* which was the nearest town to the Rønnesholm Tileworks where Mourits was born. *Vendside* is a misspelling of the Vendsyssel District of the Danish Mission from which the family emigrated. *Jylland* or *Jutland* is the name of that part of Denmark that is the mainland peninsula of which Hjørring County is the northernmost part. *Stum* was the home of Mourits' father but not the birthplace of Mourits or any of his sisters as some records indicate.

### Date Discrepancies:

— The birth year of Mourits is shown on his endowment record and death certificate as 1848 in error. From family records and the Liverpool Shipping Lists (Film #6184, pt. 2, p. 126) the 1849 date is further substantiated.  
— The death date of Mourits is listed on his death certificate as Sep 24 in error. Bennington Ward Records indicate he died on Sep 23; his grave marker also shows this date.  
— The birth date of Mary Elizabeth Mouritsen Griffiths is shown twice in the Smithfield LDS Ward Records (Film #025,611, pp. 11 & 78) as 6 Feb 1872; however, 6 Jul 1872 is the date that appears on her endowment record, her church membership record, and her death certificate, and her grave marker.  
— When a complete baptism date cannot be established, it is Church policy to do the baptism over and reconfirm the endowment and ratify all former sealings.  
— The endowment date for Mourits is recorded in the Endowment House record as "November." The date of Nov 28 was written in later with the notation "date not kept." This date corresponds with the sealing date of his sister, Maren, and it is probable that he accompanied her to Salt Lake and went through the Endowment House that same day.

## A2 Mary Elizabeth Mouritsen Griffiths

Mary Elizabeth Mouritsen was born July 6, 1872 in Smithfield, Utah. She was the second child and oldest daughter of Mourits Mouritsen and Mary Elizabeth Hillyard; she was named after her mother. In February 1953 she wrote her own story as follows:

I was born in a one-room log house on the corner of Main and Depot Streets in Smithfield where our living room is now built. My birth was very premature, so I had to be bathed in olive oil and wrapped in cotton batting for a long time. I was small enough to fit into a quart cup at my birth. My brother Mourits, older than I, and a brother John, younger than I, died when a few days old, so I was a very spoiled child. My parents were so afraid I would die that they would always be around when I cried; they used to walk the floor with me day and night until they were exhausted.

Because of my mother's poor health, she couldn't tread the sewing machine, nor could she put her hands in the cold water to wring the press cloth when she was making pleats, so I had to do those chores for her. I used to cry and fight because I had to turn the sewing machine wheel so much.

In the spring of 1879 the log room in which we lived was moved to the rear. My father and grandfather made the brick and lime and a beautiful new brick house was built — the first brick house in town. By Fall we could live in the dining room and a bedroom over it. During the summer of 1880 they finished the house, leaving one large room upstairs over the two front rooms which became known as Mourits' Dance Hall. Father played the violin so others could come and dance. Mother made rag carpets for the two front rooms. Father bought an organ, about the first one in town. We were very proud of our new home and furnishings.

While we were building our brick house, Father had to go to Logan to get lumber. He took me with him. It was dark when we



Mary Elizabeth Mouritsen Griffiths at about the time of her marriage.

started for home. A heavy rainstorm came and the mud was so deep the horses could hardly walk. The lumber was longer than the wagonbox, so it would slip back, and this raised the front of the wagonbox up. Father would have to wait for a flash of lightning so he could see how to get the lumber back. It was nearly morning when we got home, and we were soaked to the skin. When I ride on the paved roads with lights, I often think of that terribly dark night in the mud.

When I was about seven years old, I broke my left arm while sliding on the ice. John Story, an old gentleman, set the bone. The bone cut a blood vessel but did not break the skin. This caused pus to form around the bone. When they took me to Dr. Ormsby in Logan he said he would have to amputate the arm at the shoulder. My mother said no; that she would rather I die than live with only one arm. The doctor said he would try to save the upper arm by amputating at the elbow. Mother still said no. So he lanced the arm from the shoulder to the elbow. When I could take my arm out of the sling it was very crooked. Father paid me 5¢ everyday to carry a flatiron across the room several times each day. My arm grew straight and strong — thanks to my wonderful mother.

On September 2, 1880, I was baptized by Richard Harper and on the following Sunday, September 5, I was confirmed by George L. Farrell in the Smithfield Ward.

My mother died January 5, 1881 when only twenty-six years and three months old. I was past eight years old and Eliza was past four years old. Our Grandmother Hillyard took us in her home where we lived nearly five years. Our father came there for most of his meals.

When I was about ten years old, I started a temperature in the early spring which lasted until late fall. Father had to ride a horse along the foothills to Logan to get medicine for me, as the mud was so deep he couldn't go on the straight road. Grandmother was a practical nurse and gave me the best of care. I often wonder how she took care of me and did all her work, for at that time there were Great-Grandmother Meeks, Uncle Meeks, Uncle William, Uncle John, Uncle Hyrum, Eliza, and Grandfather in the family. There were no conveniences as we only had two rooms. They carried the water from the creek nearly a block away and she washed on a washboard. With all this work, she went around town helping take care of the sick. She was the most wonderful and best woman I ever knew. I owe her for what I am today.

When I was about twelve years old, Father took Eliza and me to Plain City to visit Grandmother Mouritsen's brother, Mr. Hegsted and his family. We arrived Saturday afternoon just as our cousins were going to the salt beds on Salt Lake to get their father and older brothers, so we went with them. When we got to the lake, the men had gone home. It was dark when we started for home. There was no road, but just sagebrush, and the fields were fenced with wire. We couldn't find the wire gates. The coyotes howled and we were lost. We finally decided to stop the team, and we all knelt down in the wagonbox and prayed. One of the boys thought it best to tie the lines to the wagonbox and see if the horses would take us home. They did this, and we were a happy crowd when we arrived home after 12:00 o'clock. This gave me great faith in prayer.

I loved to slide on the ice. I was never fortunate enough to own skates. When we

lived at grandmother's, my uncle made me a sleigh and put steel on the runners. This made it possible for me to go farther than any other children, as I was the only one who had steel on the sled. I would lie flat on the sleigh and guide it with my toes. This wore my shoes out very fast, so Father had brass caps put on my shoes.

On October 22, 1885 Father married Susan Elizabeth Wildman and Carrie Hansen. Father moved us all to his home. A few weeks later, he left to go on a mission to Denmark. This was a very hard time for all of us, as the income from the farm was not enough to pay Father's expenses. A baby boy was born to Aunt Lizzie. In the summer I worked out for 50¢ per week and swept two school rooms at night and dusted desks in the mornings, etc. for my schooling, as there were no free schools then. Many days all we had to eat was lumpy dick. This is made with water thickened with dry flour, and sometimes we had milk if the neighbors sent us some. Father returned from his mission late in the fall.

They were arresting men who lived in polygamy, so it was impossible for Father to live in Utah with two wives. They decided that Aunt Carrie, Father, and I would go to Star Valley, Wyoming to live. Father had some young colts. They put some furniture in the wagon and we left in the night. We got to Mink Creek the next night and stayed with Aunt Carrie's brother, Hans Hansen. The horses rested a day, and the next day Uncle Hans put his good team on our wagon and pulled us to the top of the mountain. There wasn't a road up Strawberry Canyon then. It snowed that day, and when we got to Emigration Canyon we couldn't see the road through the pines. The horses were give out so Father walked and drove the team. Aunt Carrie and I walked behind the wagon and when the horses couldn't go further and stopped, we put rocks under the wheels to hold the wagon. When we were nearly to the top of the summit, we heard a terrible noise in the trees. We did not have a gun. Father told us to get in the wagon. The next pull put us on top of the summit. We came to a house at the mouth of the canyon about 2:00 o'clock in the morning. Father went to the

house and asked if we could stay. It was my mother's cousin's house, Heber Thompson. They took us in and we stayed a few days with them.

There was a sawmill in a nearby canyon where Father could log and sell the logs to the mill. Bishop Austin had a one-room log house which he let us live in without rent, so we lived in Liberty that winter, and in the spring we moved to Austin's dairy four miles north of Liberty. There we had a house to live in free, a garden spot, and our butter, cheese, cream, and milk free.

During the summer I came back to Smithfield for a visit. James Smart was going back to Liberty so I went with him. We left about 5:00 o'clock in the morning. He had a horse hitched to a cart. I had a suitcase and a bird in a cage. When we got just north of Mink Creek one cart wheel broke in pieces. Jim tied my suitcase to his shoulder and got on the horse, and I rode behind him holding onto him with one hand and holding the birdcage on my lap with my other hand. We got to the dairy that night about dark. Victor was born at the dairy that fall, and when Aunt Carrie was well enough, I came back to

Smithfield and lived with Grandmother Hillyard.

I attended the B.Y.C. one year, living with other students. Grandmother Hillyard gave me food. I worked in the co-op store as an extra helper when needed. Free school opened that summer. I was eighteen years old July 6th, so they gave me the school at Riverside. This was a mixed grade school. I had to go over the lessons of every class at night. I would keep a week or two ahead of the classes. When I came to something I did not know I got help from Dr. George Thomas, who was my trustee, or A. H. Price. I went to summer school each summer so was able to get my certificate to teach. I taught two years at Riverside at \$35.00 per month. Benson Ward offered me \$40.00 per month, so I taught there one year. The next year I got a school here in Smithfield.

On May 15, 1894, Robert Griffiths and I were married here in our home by Bishop Ballard of Benson Ward. My husband was born November 8, 1870 at Willard, Utah; he was the son of Henry Griffiths and Euphemia Dock. While Father was on his mission



The Robert Griffiths Family: left to right, Robert (Sr.), Mary M., and Robert Ermal.



he borrowed money, and when he came home he mortgaged his home for \$500.00. He was not able to pay the interest nor the taxes, so I paid this while I taught school. Father came a short time before we were married and offered to give Eliza the lower half of this lot and me to assume the mortgage and pay him \$200.00 and cancel what he had borrowed from me. We finally agreed that Eliza was to have one-third of the lot. A few years later we bought Eliza's share.

When we were married, Rob had rented the W. D. Williams farm in Riverside, so we moved there. Mr. and Mrs. William Mack rented our house, which paid the taxes and interest. It was a dry summer and when all expenses were paid there was no money left. We moved back to our home, as the Macks had left. Sometimes a traveling man wanted a meal and room. We would give him our room and we would sleep upstairs on the floor. As more came for rooms and a few to board, we partitioned the room Father had used for a dance hall into four bedrooms. I also took in dressmaking, as I had spent three months as an apprentice in a dress-making shop in Logan. In the fall of 1896, the Riverside School trustees came and offered me the school again. Was I thankful, as Rob worked in the harvest field for three bushels of wheat per day, which sold for only 30¢ per bushel. He had no work in the winter. I borrowed some shoes, colored an old dress, and went to Logan and took the examination and passed for a certificate to teach again. I drove to school each morning and back at night. Nellie Wildman lived with me, so we kept what traveling men came.

I taught for two years, and in December of the third year the Republican Commissioner offered me the post office. I went to Salt Lake City and met the man in charge of the appointment. He said I could have the office if I gave up the school. The trustees released me, and on January 1st I had the post office in a room of the E. R. Miles old store. This was better, as the hours were shorter and I was at home. The office paid \$30.00 to \$35.00 per month. The post office room was cold, so we built a building where the U.P. & L. Building is located. I served as postmaster for seventeen years and six months. The

Democrats got in power and took the office from me. I then went in our store to manage it.

In the summer of 1899, Rob opened a butcher shop in Preston. He hired Mr. Cowley, a good butcher from Logan, to work for him and teach him the butcher business. This did not pay, as expenses were high. The next spring Rob worked for E. R. Miles in his butcher shop at \$30.00 per month. In the fall, business was so poor Mr. Miles closed his shop. That fall a Mr. J. L. Pederson, who had money, came and offered Rob to put up the money to start a butcher shop and store in Uncle John Hillyard's building and give him half of the profit. This looked good to us so we accepted the offer. Mr. Pederson kept the books, banked the money, and was to pay the bills. Rob did not draw any wages nor profits. After some time we found out Mr. Pederson was not paying for the goods. He wanted Rob to agree to buy goods from every firm possible and keep all the money they took in, and then go bankrupt. We would not agree to this. We got Mr. Lundquist to go in with us and buy Mr. Pederson out. This deal was no better than the first. So we borrowed money and bought Mr. Lundquist out. Uncle John Hillyard and Grandpa Hillyard were building the opera house. They needed money, so Uncle John sold us the building and five acres of land with the slaughterhouse. We assumed the mortgages on the property and mortgaged our corner for enough money to pay the difference.

Euphemia (Rob's mother) worked in the store, Rob the butcher shop, and I kept the books and helped buy the goods. Later T. R. Richardson, Hyrum Toolson, and W. A. Ewing offered us \$2000.00 for the building to operate as a saloon. We were happy to sell, but as soon as the deal was made Grandfather Hillyard was very angry; he said having a saloon in this part of town would ruin his opera house. The mayor and a number of people also protested having a saloon in this part of town.

Uncle Dock and I went to San Francisco and Los Angeles to see if we could go into some kind of business there. We soon decided it took more money and experience than we had.



**The first store in Smithfield that Rob and Mary operated.**

We had \$500.00 and the five acres of land after we had paid off all the mortgages, when we signed the \$5000.00 contract to build our store. This building was 50 × 32 feet, two stories high, a poolroom in the east end of the basement, and a lodge room in the west end of the basement for the Woodmen of the World. We had to mortgage our corner for all we could possibly get. We furnished seven bedrooms over the store and five bedrooms over our house for hotel rooms. We had our hotel full all the time, as the U.P. & L. Company was building their high line east of town and a number of theatrical companies came to town. Rob bought a Ludlow buggy and hired Carl Nilson to meet traveling men at Cache Junction (the railroad) and bring them to the hotel, and then drive them around the valley and to Preston.

We could not accommodate all the hotel business and the butcher shop was too small, so we built another fifty feet on the west end of the store. We sold the five acres of land and bought eleven acres of land on the main road west of town. We built a building on the north of the post office building for a confectionary shop; later it was used for a bakery shop.

Before we could get one mortgage paid off we would start another building. This always made it very hard to pay our store bills. I was very tired of the struggle. After Bishop Miles died, Nell Toolson, her mother, and sister offered to buy us out. Nell came one day to make a payment to bind the bargain. She was on her way to Logan. Just as she took out her checkbook, the streetcar was coming. She

had to run to catch the car. While she was gone I prayed as I had never prayed before. I asked the Lord to guide us in this deal, and if it were possible for us to pay off our debts and make good, that Nell would change her mind. She came back that evening and said if we didn't care, she had changed her mind and would not buy. I have been very thankful ever since that we did not sell, and I had confidence in the Lord that we would not lose our corner.

In 1929 we built the building for Dr. G. L. Rees and Dr. Jarvis. We had to mortgage the corner again, but this was not bad, as Robert was home and took all the responsibility of the building, making the lease, etc. In 1930 we built the building for the U.P. & L. Company and Robert did all the business. We had the rent from the doctor's building and I had a Western Loan & Building stock certificate come due. In March of 1942 we sold our stock of merchandise and bought eighty acres of land from the James Hill farm in Trenton. We rented the store building to John McCune. In February, 1948 we remodeled all the buildings, which cost over \$10,000.00. By June, 1950 this note was paid, as I had \$5000.00 on savings.

Robert was born May 26, 1900. He attended grade school in Smithfield, the B.Y.C. at Logan for his high school, and the U.A.C. for his first year in college. That fall he enlisted in the army and was training at the U.A.C. This was the saddest time of my life. The happiest time of my life was when he was released from the army so I could have him a free boy at home again.

Robert went on a mission to England, after which he returned home and went to the U.A.C. After he graduated he went to New York City to school. Rob and I were going to Pocatello one day. I was driving the auto, and I went into the barrow pit and nearly overturned the auto. We wrote Robert of the accident and asked him to come home. He came home and helped Rob in his cattle business, and we kept him home.

I always loved horses. The first money I earned I bought a sidesaddle, as ladies rode sideways. I would work all day in the co-op store for 50¢ and pay it for a horse to ride on Sunday. One winter Rob had a team of gray

spacing horses. We would hitch them on cutters. He would drive one and I the other, and we would race from one end of Main Street to the end of town. I always beat, as he gave me the best horse. We had the first rubber-tired buggy in town and a yellow pacing mare; it surely was a beautiful outfit. This yellow mare had a yellow colt. When grown, we traded the buggy for a rubber-tired surrey, which was very pretty.

One day I took the Romney girls, Jane Waite, and Robert for a ride. When we were nearly to Rinda Chambers's corner, the colt fell down and when he got up the tugs were loose. They ran to the corner and then west two blocks through a deep ditch. I wound the lines around my hands and when the horses came out of the ditch they pulled me over the dashboard and dragged me a short distance, then turned, and went back into the ditch. Sarah Romney picked Robert up and threw him into the ditch. The tongue of the surrey stuck in the bank and this broke the team from the surrey. When the team turned, this made the front wheel run over my left leg. This broke the blood vessels but not the bone. I had a bad leg for a long time. We traded our team, harness, and surrey on one of the first autos in town.

In 1906 May Cantwell and I went to Chicago to attend Dr. Ralph T. Merrill's graduation exercises. The doctor and Marie were living there. After the exercises May, Marie, and I went to Detroit to visit Mrs. McCabe, and then went on to Niagara Falls. We visited in Independence, Kansas City, and St. Joseph.

Rob and I were sealed in the Salt Lake City Temple on September 3, 1925, and Robert was sealed to us that day.

In 1941 Leah and I went by train to South Bend, Indiana to get her auto. We drove the new car back. On our way back we stopped at Nauvoo, Carthage Jail, Independence, and Far West. In May, 1939 Leah took me to Zion's Canyon, Grand Canyon, and to Phoenix, Arizona where we visited Willard and family. We came back home by way of Boulder Dam.

I am a charter member of the Ladies' Literary Club, organized in February, 1919. I have served as president, vice-president,

secretary, and on all other committees. I am a charter member of our birthday club and bridge club. I would not be able to belong to these clubs now if it were not for Martha (Robert's wife). She does all my entertaining for me so I can have joy and pleasure.

I taught school for six and a half years, was postmaster for seventeen and a half years, and worked in the store twenty-seven years; making a total of fifty-one years I worked in the public.

On March 17 the First Ward Relief Society gave me a beautiful book, the Doctrine & Covenants, for having served as secretary for seven years. I was president of the Y.W.M.I.A. in 1920-1921 and first counselor in 1922. On June 22, 1941 the Smithfield First Ward gave me a testimonial for having taught Sunday School class for over fifty years. I have given the Relief Society visiting teachers' message for years and am still with them. I am giving the Primary teachers the teacher training lesson once each month.

Rob died January 12, 1946, and since that time I have lived alone. For five years I had my dinners with Robert's family. I spent a great deal of time with them, so I was not alone. I'm very happy they could buy a beautiful home in Logan for their happiness there pays for being alone here. Of course



**Three Generations Family Group: left to right, Mary M. Griffiths, Mary Jane Griffiths, and Martha W. Griffiths. Taken for Mother's Day 1954.**

my grandchildren are perfect and the best in the world.

In May, 1949 I fell and broke my left leg. I was in a cast until October. It was very hard to learn to walk on crutches. Everyday Robert and Lettie Harry would help me practice, and by November I could go alone. I used the crutches about one and a half years and then could walk with a cane, which I still have to use.

I have great joy and happiness in having Sunday dinners, Christmas, birthdays, and all special dinners with my family. Robert carries in my coal, takes my ashes out, and does my grocery shopping. Robert has always been a great comfort and help to me. I never remember of asking him to do anything but what he did it. My greatest joy is he and his family. No boy could be better to his mother, and no daughter could be better to a mother than Martha is to me. Martha does my washing and ironing, does my shopping, and in fact, everything for me. No person in the world left alone is so well taken care of as I am. I thank God for such a grand family.

This concludes the story written by Mary. She died at 6:50 P.M. on October 25, 1958 at her home, 103 North Main Street, Smithfield, Utah. She was eighty-six. Funeral services were held in Smithfield on October 28, 1958, and she was buried that same day in the Smithfield Cemetery next to her husband.

#### *Children:*

**\*A21** Robert Ermal Griffiths  
Born 26 May 1900

## **A21 Robert Ermal Griffiths**

I was born May 26, 1900 in Smithfield, Utah. I am the only child of Robert Griffiths and Mary Elizabeth Mouritsen. Both of my parents came from early pioneer families — my mother's family from Denmark and my father's family from Wales.

I started my education at the age of six years in Smithfield in a little one-room school building. In my third grade I attended a school that had been a saloon for many years; it was called the White Tree Saloon because the manager had painted all



**Robert E. Griffiths taken in England on his mission.**

the trees around the place with white paint. My early school days were the days when kids ate apples and played marbles. The marble-playing center of the community was a space just south of my father's store. On a Saturday all the space would be taken and to get in a game we had to wait our turn, but it was great fun. We used to do a lot of sleigh riding. Hinds Hill, a block north of our home and two blocks east, was the center of sleighing. By putting a dam in the stream we could flood the road down the hill for about two blocks. There were no cars in those days so we could cross the road in safety, and we could coast clear down to the railroad tracks, about a mile; the only trouble was the long walk back up the hill.

I was baptized by William Coleman and confirmed by Sylvester Low on September 6, 1908. I later attended the Summit school and graduated from the eighth grade. Graduating from the eighth grade was really an accomplishment in those days, about as important an occasion as graduating from college now. The graduating exercises were held in the Tabernacle and the whole town turned out. I remember it well as I got a pocket watch and Gordon Blackhurst and I sang a duet. Big day!

At this time the county was just starting to build the North Cache High School in Richmond but my parents thought I should go to high school down at the B.Y. College in Logan. That was a six-year school operated by the Mormon church.

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My mother had gone there and received a teacher's degree so I was happy to go there. It was a great school, and I enjoyed it very much. I had to get up early, catch a streetcar to Logan, and then after school I had to get the streetcar back to Smithfield. Going to school was fine, but going to school parties was not so good. I would have to go to Logan on the streetcar, walk to get my girl, and then walk her to the dance. I would have to leave the party no later than ten o'clock to walk my girl home in order to catch the last car back to Smithfield. You can tell why I got good grades in high school — there was nothing else to do but stay home and study.

World War I started in 1917, and there was a program started at the Utah Agricultural College in 1918 called the Army Training Corps to train young men for officers in the army. I signed up in this program with a friend, Maurice Miles, with whom I had grown up in Smithfield; this was in September of 1918. We were quartered in a large room in the main building that had been used as a chapel. My bed was on a sort of terrace where the choir used to sing and every time I moved, my bed would slide off. We had classes in the mornings and drilled in the afternoon. We stayed right there at the college and wore army uniforms just like the regular army; but soon there were to be some big changes. The flu epidemic broke out the latter part of September and our quarters were turned into a hospital. There were no more classes or public meetings. Each morning after mess the sick call was blown and if you didn't feel well you could line up and would be given a couple of spoonfuls of Epsom salts in some water and sent back to your barracks. This was all the medicine they had — no antibiotics in those days.

I was discharged from the army on November 11, 1918. It was a happy day, but sad too, because my pal Maurice Miles had died with the flu and didn't get to go home with me. This was just a short time before Christmas, and boy, was I glad to get home with my family.

I attended the university, called Agricultural College, for one year, 1919-1920, and was then called on a mission to England. I was ordained an elder on October 10, 1920, and ten days later on October 20, 1920, I received my endowment in the Logan Temple. I traveled with six other boys. We were twelve days crossing the ocean, and we were about the first missionaries to arrive in England after the war. The church had a mission

home and a meetinghouse called Deseret located in South Tottenham, London. It was my good fortune to be asked to stay at the headquarters and help with the work there. We had a class every morning, went tracting the rest of the day, and at night we held a street meeting. I met all the incoming missionaries at the train and boats, and when some church official came to town I was often sent out with them to show them around. In this way I got fairly well acquainted with the city, and this all paid off well when I took Martha there to show her London. It was like going home to me. I enjoyed my mission, and it has been a great help to me all through my life.

After finishing my mission I did some traveling — to Germany, where I stayed a month with some fellows I had known at college. I then traveled with a fellow named Solomon to Italy, Egypt, Jerusalem, and the Holy Land, walking a good part of the way sightseeing. The last time there with Martha, we went on a guided tour, and I can say that was much more pleasant.

I arrived home from my mission the first part of March, 1923 and started back to college. I went to school summer and winter and graduated in the spring of 1925. I then went to work for a bond house in Salt Lake City for about a year, and then went to New York City and worked selling bonds for Minch Monell & Company. After about two years on this job I decided to come back home, and boy did these mountains look good to me!

I then went to work with my father, buying and selling cattle. This was hard work but at least we could make money at it.

On June 1, 1929 I married Helen Miner Thompson of Logan. She was born April 13, 1904 at Logan; she was the daughter of Alvin Hemingway Thompson and Lillian Hyde Miner. Helen became ill very soon after we were married. She lived about a year and passed away on November 14, 1930. I learned later that she had Bright's disease for which there was no cure. It was a tough time to go through. There is an old saying, "The sun can't shine in one place all the time," and in the year 1930 there was not much sunshine in my life.

I continued to work with my father. Our main business was buying dairy cows and taking them to Los Angeles and selling to the dairies there. About this time the stock market broke and the cattle market followed shortly. In 1929 we were selling cows in Los Angeles for \$250.00 per head;

in 1930 we couldn't get \$50.00 per head. I shipped a good load of cows in 1930 to Los Angeles and held them there for two weeks, and I finally sold them for \$45.00 per head but had to deliver them to Santa Ana.

However, it is said, "It is a long road that has no turning," and things started to look better. The dairy cow market picked up in Los Angeles, and I started to ship cows again. I lined up a good man in Los Angeles to ship to. This meant a great deal to me because I didn't have to go down with each load to sell them. I hired a man to do the shipping, and I stayed home and bought cows.

About this time, on June 16, 1933, I married Martha Wright of Ogden and to this day I don't know how I could have been so lucky and so blessed. Martha was born December 30, 1907 at Ogden; she is the daughter of Charles Angus Wright and Margaret McElroy. We fixed up a little apartment over my folks' store in Smithfield where we lived for seventeen years. We also had a summer home on Hebgen Lake just out of West Yellowstone where Martha and the children spent many summers. In 1950 I purchased a home at 10 Terrace Place in Logan where we lived for over thirty years. It was a lovely home with a fine view and beautiful flower gardens.

When I started to buy cattle with my father the roads were very poor. There were no trucks and the farmers had to sell their cattle to us because we were the only market they had. Later on Ogden, Utah developed a market, trucks started to come into use, roads got better, and that was the beginning of the end for country buyers like us. I could see the writing on the wall. I got a few fellows, and we organized the Smithfield Livestock Auction Yards. This made a good market for the farmer and it was good for us, as we made money from the start. I helped operate the auction yards from 1960 to 1970. Toward the end of that time I was sick and not in too good of condition. My son, who is a doctor, was at the Mayo Clinic so he had me come back there. It developed that I had pernicious anemia. I started treatment and soon improved, but I thought it probably about time to quit and stay home. I had a bad hip that I had replaced later on. Since then I have enjoyed good health.

My Grandfather Henry Griffiths homesteaded a very good farm in Benson Ward. My grand-



**Robert and Martha Griffiths. Christmas 1980.**

father had ten children, and when he passed away he left one-tenth of the property to each of his children. My father inherited one-tenth which he gave to me, and since that time I have managed to buy out the interest of the others; so now this whole farm belongs to me and we run it as a dairy farm, which my son manages at the present time.

My Grandfather Mouritsen got a piece of land from the mayor of Smithfield in the very early days; it was on the northwest corner of Main and First North Streets. He built a fairly large home on the land and that is where the Gephart store is today. The upstairs of the home was mostly one large room and my grandfather held dances there — Mourits' Dance Hall. He played the violin and would stomp on the floor to keep time; his was almost a one-man band. When my grandfather moved to Bear Lake, my parents bought this land, which I now own. I now have several businesses on this corner — a doctor's clinic, the Utah Power & Light offices, U.S. Post Office building, and the Gephart store.

In conclusion I will say that I have been a great life and I have enjoyed it all. I have been blessed with good parents, a lovely and helpful wife, two wonderful children, and four grandchildren. I feel sure that somebody has had their arm around me throughout the years.

In December 1981 Martha and I gave up our home in Logan and moved to Salt Lake City to be nearer our family. We are very proud of our children, grandchildren, and their accomplishments. We now live at 1320 E. 500 South, Apartment #1409, Salt Lake City, Utah 84102.

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*Children:*

- \*A211 Mary Jane Griffiths  
Born 5 May 1936
- \*A212 Robert Wright Griffiths  
Born 10 Feb. 1940

**A211 Mary Jane Griffiths Tingey**

I was born May 5, 1936 at Ogden, Utah. I am the daughter of Robert Eral Griffiths and Martha Wright. For the first fourteen years of my life we lived in an apartment above my grandmother's store on the northwest corner of Smithfield. During this time I spent many pleasant hours with all of my grandparents. On special occasions, which included birthdays, my mother prepared dinner for large family gatherings. I remember that I enjoyed walking through the Smithfield Park to school, and that I felt pride in the Tabernacle, as my great-great-grandfather had made its bricks.

The summer I entered ninth grade my family moved to a home in Logan. I lived here until the end of my sophomore year at Utah State University, when I married Henry Barnes Tingey on June 7, 1956. Henry was born May 3, 1934 in Logan, Utah; he is the son of Vance Henry Tingey and Inez Barnes Webb. That fall Henry and I moved to Minneapolis where he started graduate work at the University of Minnesota. I finished one more year of school there and then stayed home to take care of Lisa. Both of our daughters



Mary Jane G. Tingey

were born in Minnesota, and Henry obtained a Ph.D. in biostatistics.

A deferred R.O.T.C. Commission required two years of military service, which took us to Aberdeen, Maryland in 1963. When Henry completed his assigned time in the Army, he decided upon a career in education, whereby he followed in the footsteps of both of his parents. He accepted a position at the University of Delaware, and we moved to Newark in 1965. Newark is a charming college town, much like Logan, surrounded by farmland and rolling, wooded countryside. After we had been here a year we purchased a home, where we still reside.

When Lisa and Janet were settled into school I returned to the University of Delaware as an undergraduate. After two years of full-time work I obtained a bachelor's degree with honors; then a master's degree. For the past several years I have been working with the public schools as a school psychologist. It is my job to help children who are having problems in learning, their parents, and their teachers. It is challenging, rewarding work, and I look forward to more years with the schools.

As leisure activities, I enjoy gardening, sewing, and reading. When we have time, Lisa and Janet work with me on projects, and we are now learning the tailoring techniques involved in making coats and suits. Behind our house I have made a large perennial garden with a patio and stepping-stone paths. As I work there I remember Grandmother, especially when the lilacs and bleeding hearts bloom.

We currently reside at 231 Dallam Road, Newark, Delaware 19711.

*Children:*

- \*A2111 Lisa Ann Tingey  
Born 6 Sep 1957
- \*A2112 Janet Marie Tingey  
Born 22 June 1959

**A2111 Lisa Ann Tingey Davis**

I was born September 6, 1957 at Minneapolis, Minnesota. I am the daughter of Henry Barnes Tingey and Mary Jane Griffiths. After completing my secondary education in Newark, I spent four years at the University of Delaware studying geology. Part of that time was spent in Vienna,



**Lisa T. Davis**

Austria studying the humanities. I was married on June 2, 1979 to Earl Eugene Davis, Jr. of Stewartstown, Pennsylvania. He was born November 8, 1955 at York, Pennsylvania; he is the son of Earl Eugene Davis and Virginia Hanna.

We resided in Pennsylvania for one year, where I earned a diploma in technical drafting. We then returned to Newark, Delaware to complete our educations. I spent a year working in process piping design for a subcontractor with the DuPont Company. Currently I am employed with the University of Delaware as a technical secretary in the Department of Computer Science. I am pursuing an inter-departmental degree part time in photography and geology.

My leisure activities include cooking, sewing, training dogs, and reading. Music, however, has been my primary pastime. I studied piano for nine years and taught myself to play the flute, recorder, and guitar. I spent several years studying voice and singing with choirs. I haven't yet finished the list of instruments I would like to learn, which includes the bagpipes and the fiddle.

We currently reside at University Gardens, N-4, Elkton & Beverly Roads, Newark, Delaware 19711.

### **A2112 Janet Marie Tingey**

I was born June 22, 1959 at Minneapolis, Minnesota. I am the daughter of Henry Barnes Tingey and Mary Jane Griffiths. After graduating from Newark High School, I attended Rhode Island School of Design in Providence where I received a B.F.A. in illustration with honors. I



**Janet Marie Tingey**

held a variety of jobs in the commercial art field while attending college. In Providence I screen printed T-shirts, illustrated stories for two small literary magazines, and designed and illustrated scrimshaw and men's jewelry.

After graduation I moved to New York City where I started as a staff illustrator for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. I prepared slides for audio-visual presentations to explain the Corps' activities to supervising generals in Washington.

As I was more interested in book design and illustration, I moved from the Corps to an apprentice position at G. P. Putnam's & Sons where I designed and illustrated hardcover, trade-fiction and non-fiction, adult book jackets. At the completion of the apprenticeship I landed the job I currently hold at the Dial Press as a junior designer in the juvenile book division.

In my spare time I relax with a good book or draw and paint. I ultimately hope to design and illustrate my own books.

I currently reside at 407 E. 88th Street, New York, New York 10028.

### **A212 Robert Wright Griffiths**

I was born February 10, 1940 in Ogden, Utah. I am the son of Robert Ermal Griffiths and Martha Wright. As children my sister Mary Jane and I were raised in Smithfield. My grandparents' home was the original home built by Mourits Mouritsen on the corner of Main and Depot Streets. The family, I know, is very familiar with that home with its open upper room where my great-grandfather Mourits played the violin for community dances.

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Immediately adjacent to that home my grandfather Griffiths built a two-story building which served as a store on the main floor and a hotel on the upper floor. By the time my sister and I came along the hotel had been closed for sometime. The upper floor had been remodeled into an apartment where my parents, my sister, and I lived. My grandparents continued to live in the original home until their deaths. An area immediately behind the home was set aside for our garden, which my grandmother tended actively all her life. Behind that was a small pasture with a barn and corrals where we kept the family cow.

The years in our apartment in the old family home in Smithfield were delightful, at least from my point of view. We were very close to our grandparents, emotionally as well as physically, so my sister and I spent a great deal of time with them. My grandmother assigned us daily chores which included churning the butter and carrying in kindling and coal for the stove. Now, having young children of my own, I realize that we were marginal help at best, due to our young age; but my grandmother had us convinced that the entire operation could not have existed without our efforts.

In 1950 my parents purchased a home in Logan where my sister and I "completed" our childhood. We both finished high school in the Logan school system. During this period of time my grandmother continued to live in the original family home in Smithfield. My father saw her twice daily, as his business continued to be centered in Smithfield and we continued to use the Smithfield yards for storage, etc. He assumed our

childhood chores of carrying the kindling and coal. He was never greatly enamoured with this chore and made repetitive attempts to convince Grandmother that she should relinquish her stove and get an electric range. My grandmother, an excellent cook, said that she'd have no idea how to control the oven heat in a new range and beside that, there was certainly no sense spending all that money. She won this contest of wills and used her wood stove until the day that she died in 1958.

After high school I attended Utah State University, starting the first year that the name of the school was changed from U.S.A.C. I graduated in zoology and then attended Tulane University in New Orleans where I graduated from the School of Medicine in 1965.

While at Tulane I met a beautiful, delightful, and brilliant young biochemistry graduate student named Marie Manning. Using all the persuasive abilities and tenacity that I had learned years ago from my grandmother, I was able to coerce this young lady to marry me on December 23, 1965 at Smyrna, Georgia. Marie was born October 5, 1937 at Marietta, Georgia; she is the daughter of Roy Roscoe Manning and Lillian Jay. Our first daughter Jennifer was born while we were still in New Orleans.

From there I went to Philadelphia for an internship and then to the Mayo Clinic for training in internal medicine and allergy. While we were in Rochester, Minnesota our second daughter Marcia was born.

I then spent two years with the army, then the University of New Mexico, where I taught for one and one-half years in the School of Medicine, and finally back to Salt Lake City, where I established a practice in 1973. I presently practice allergy within the community and teach part-time at the University of Utah Medical School.

We currently reside with our two darling daughters who are just entering their teens at 885 Monument Park Circle, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108.



**The Robert W. Griffiths Family: left to right, Robert W., Jennifer, Marcia and Marie M.**

*Children:*

<b>A2121</b>	Jennifer Griffiths Born 10 March 1967
<b>A2122</b>	Marcia Griffiths Born 22 June 1970

## A4 Eliza Jane Mouritsen Cantwell

Eliza Jane Mouritsen was born March 7, 1876 in Smithfield, Utah. She was the fourth child of Mourits Mouritsen and Mary Elizabeth Hillyard; she was named after her mother's only sister, Eliza Hillyard, and her father's baby sister, Jane Miles. Eliza was blessed on May 4, 1876 in the Smithfield Ward by J. Hatch.

Although she was born in a one-room log house, at the age of three she was no doubt right in the middle of all the construction mess while her father built their new brick house. She lived in the new house for only a short time when her mother died at an early age. Eliza was only four and so she never really knew her own mother. She remembered that they lifted her and her sister Mary up and let them kiss their mother before they closed the casket.

Eliza and Mary went to live with their grandparents, the Hillyards, when their mother died. They lived with their grandmother Hillyard for the next five years, which was two blocks from their house. Their father ate his meals with them and paid board and room for their keep, and hired their clothes made.

Her sister Mary recalled that Eliza could always play alone or with hardly any toys, and she would be happy as a queen. She always sang as she worked and played and was a much happier, more pleasant, and more contented child than she (Mary) was. Eliza was always happy and in the right place wherever she was and always made the most of what she had, whereas she (Mary) always wanted to be somewhere else no matter where she was.

Eliza always went to church — in fact, she said later that she didn't even know that you could stay home. No matter in which home she lived, they always went together as a family to church.

At the age of eight Eliza was baptized on April 3, 1884 by Abel Smart and confirmed that same day by Preston T. Morehead in the Smithfield Ward.

There was no doubt that her father indulged his two daughters and lavished love and gifts upon them, perhaps to compensate for the loss of their mother. As a little girl she would dance the

"Highland Fling" while her father accompanied on the violin. Her sister Mary wanted Eliza to take organ lessons, which Mary paid for from her wages as a school teacher. Eliza learned to read music and play quite well. However, once she no longer had an organ to practice on and play regularly, she practically forgot how. When she was seventeen or eighteen she sang a solo of "Whispering Hope" at a special program in the Smithfield Tabernacle. Mary said she was so thrilled she nearly busted all her buttons.

Eliza returned to live with her father at the family home on Main and Depot Streets in 1885 when he remarried; however, her father left shortly after that on a mission to Denmark. The family felt that due to Eliza's age (and no doubt due to economic circumstances) it would be best for her to move back to her Grandmother Hillyard's; she lived there until she married. At various times though she lived with both of her father's other two families — living for a while with Aunt Lizzie in Smithfield or Aunt Carrie in Bennington. While she lived with Grandma Hillyard her playmates were May Low (Richardson), the Morehead girls, and Hannah and Elizabeth Hind.

As young girls, Eliza and Mary received outstanding training from their Grandmother Hillyard. She taught them to take care of their clothes — hanging them up and keeping them clean. They were taught to do everything but cook. The girls helped prepare everything, but Grandmother Hillyard put it together. They couldn't waste anything. "Waste not — want not" was the motto they lived by. They could churn the butter but were not allowed to add the salt and finish it. Even so, both girls learned to cook after they were married. Eliza learned to make everything by taste, while Mary observed that she always had to have a recipe for everything. Anyone who ever enjoyed a meal at either of their homes in Smithfield would have had a difficult task to judge which method was best, as they were both excellent cooks.

Little is recorded of Eliza's courtship, but on December 4, 1895 Eliza married William Hamer Cantwell, a young man from Smithfield. He was born March 17, 1874 at Smithfield; he was the son of James Cantwell and Julia Ann Collett. This marriage was solemnized in the Logan Temple.

At first the young couple lived in a house they

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rented from Grandpa Hillyard. Then they moved to Bennington for a few years. Here a close bond developed between Will and his in-laws, particularly Eliza's father and Aunt Carrie. But Idaho did not seem to be the place for Eliza and Will to get started. The family returned to Smithfield and lived in the William Deppe house.

Eliza inherited and developed many of the same traits her mother and grandmother had. She was a wonderful homemaker and a hard worker. Like her mother, she became an outstanding seamstress. Though she had never earned any money before, she realized the potential for additional income through her sewing skills. So she began to sew for the public and over the years she was able to buy carpets, furniture, curtains, and clothing for herself and the children with her earnings. Eliza would pick fruit on shares, bottle it, and carry it over to her grandmother Hillyard's to store in her nice, cool cellar. Eliza was an immaculate housekeeper. She was as honest as the day is long.

Eliza was full of compassion and rendered service to others all through her life. As a young wife she took in a young unwed mother and cared for

her through the birth of her child, and protected her in her unhappy circumstances until the young woman was able to meet a young man and be married.

Eliza's daughter, Venna, recalls another example of her mother's great spirit. When Eliza and Will built their first home on some land given to them by Grandpa Cantwell, there was an English widow who lived in that neighborhood. One little boy liked Will very much and followed him around all the time. Will asked the boy's mother if she would like him to give her son a home and teach him how to farm. The Widow Saxton did not have the means to feed and clothe him very well, so she gave her consent. Thus, Herb Saxton became a part of Eliza's family.

Leone recalls that the Indians would come begging and Eliza always gave them food and treated them nicely. Later in her life, when her ward was divided to create the Smithfield Third Ward, Bishop Roskelly called Eliza to serve as the Relief Society president. She did a beautiful job. In those days the Relief Society had to make clothes for the dead. Eliza would often sit up late into the night sewing the funeral clothes when needed.



The William H. Cantwell Family: left to right, Eliza M. holding Leone, Venna Aulean, James Harold, Chloe, and William H. Taken 1907 prior to his departure for the mission field.

When they built the new chapel she organized the women, and they fed all the men who were working on the new building. She served for years as a visiting teacher. Long after she should have given up her assignment she still kept her appointed rounds, even the last month before she died. Her sister Mary knew Eliza was dying and counseled her to give up her Relief Society job. But Eliza pounded her fist on the table and said, "Mary, I'll never give up Relief Society as long as I can wiggle my little finger."

Eliza had great faith and trusted the Lord through all her days. Venna remembers the day that Herb Saxton returned home with the mail. He handed the letter to Eliza; it was from the Church Offices in Salt Lake City. Eliza wondered why the Church would be sending a letter to them. She read the letter and turned very pale. As she nearly had dinner ready, she slipped the letter under Will's dinner plate. When Will came in, he said, "Eliza, why are you so pale? You look like you've seen a ghost." Eliza said, "You will also be pale when you read the letter that is under your plate." Will read the letter and tossed it on the table saying, "You know I can't go." It was a mission call for Will. Eliza and Will had just gotten out of debt, cleared their cattle, horses, farm machinery, and the house. Eliza's reply was, "The Lord never asks us to do anything we can't do."

That night Eliza and Will did not sleep. They talked all night making plans for his mission. Herb promised to stay and take care of the farm. Herb was to get one-third of whatever the farm brought in, one-third would go to Will in the mission field, and one-third would go to Eliza and the family. Herb and Will went up the canyon to get wood to build a shell of a barn to keep the hay dry, and also a little shed to shelter Eliza and Herb from the snow and rain while they milked the cows.

When it came time for Will to go, a farewell was held at the church. When they passed the hats, everyone gave so liberally the hats were filled. Venna remembers that she had never seen so many "greenbacks" in her life. However, due to an oversight, the money from the farewell had not been given to Will yet. He was to leave for Salt Lake City the next morning to be set apart for his mission, and he did not have enough money for the trip. That night he walked the streets worrying about how he would get the money needed. He didn't want to ask the brethren for the money

from the farewell. As he walked he passed Linie Farrell's home. Linie came outside and said, "You have three horses and you will only need two horses to work the farm. How would you like to sell one of them to me?" Will quickly agreed and Linie went in and got the money and gave it to Will. It was more than enough to take Will to his mission field, and he was able to leave the next morning on schedule.

When Will was set apart in Salt Lake City, he was promised that when he returned from his mission not one of his family would be missing. At this time Chloe, their oldest daughter, was suffering from a heart leakage caused by a case of whooping cough when she was a baby. The doctor said that Chloe could not last a year. This promise was a great relief to Eliza and Will. When Will returned from Oregon and Washington two years later, all of his family were there to greet him.

Will's mission was a test for Eliza and the four children, but their faith and hard work carried them through. For Will it was also a test. Leone tells the following incident:

When Dad was in the mission field he contracted smallpox. This was in 1907 and they did not vaccinate for anything in those days. The State of Oregon quarantined him in a "pest house" where they put all patients with a contagious disease. Smallpox was very serious then; some people died and others were left with marks on their faces so they never looked the same again. They soaked his sheets in medication so he would not be left with pox marks on his face and body. He became increasingly worse until the doctors could do no more for him; they said it was just a matter of time until he would die.

He had been terribly homesick for Eliza and his family before, but not so much as now when he was critically ill. Then in the night a marvelous thing happened. Aunt Carrie Mouritsen, who had passed away in July of that year, came to his bedside and said, "Will, you are going to get well and finish your mission and return home to your wife and family." She stayed with him until he was well.

Eliza was a very prayerful woman. One time there was trouble in the family — some of Eliza's people didn't speak to her. She didn't know what

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was the matter, or what she had done to hurt them. They were very unkind and snubbed her at funerals and out in public until she cried and cried. She turned to her sister Mary to see what she could do. Mary advised her that since she didn't know anything she had done wrong, for her to just go her way and not feel badly. But Eliza was so depressed and felt so badly that she went back to Mary and told her she just had to do something; so Mary said, "Well, Eliza, if that's the way you feel you better go home and pray and ask the Lord to help you. Then go over and talk to them and find out what is the matter and why they treat you as they do." Eliza came home and prayed and then went over and talked to her relatives. Everything was cleared up. They had a good understanding and were friends from then on. Eliza was happy after that.

Eliza loved her neighbors and friends. Her closest neighbors were May Hill, May Richardson, and Nora Collett. She belonged to a group called the Chum Club. These were couples who got together with their families, cooked great dinners, and had fun together. These couples were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCann, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Harp, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Kirkbride, Mr. and Mrs. Will Mathers, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Richardson, and Mae Hill.

She also belonged to a birthday club. These were close friends who celebrated and honored one another on their birthdays. The members of this group included: Mrs. Farr, Dr. Jarvis's wife, Dr. Rees's wife, Rinda Chambers, Uphema Shaffer, Nell Toolson, and her sister, Mary Griffiths.

Mary and Eliza were both charter members of the Smithfield Literary Club which included Veda Rees, Uphema Shaffer, Ethel Miles, Sadie McCracken, Margaret Mathews, Nell Toolson, Mrs. Farr, and Margaret Gutke. Each member took turns giving a book review at their monthly meetings. Leone recalls how long her mother studied and practiced when it was her turn, but she always did a beautiful job. Eliza said that anything worth doing was worth doing well.

Eliza was acquainted with death. She learned as a child that death comes when it will, as she lost her mother. She also lost her firstborn, William, at one month. She lost her second child, Chloe, as a young wife and mother only twenty-two years old. Eliza took Chloe's baby, Glen, and raised him along with her own children. She was called to



Eliza M. Cantwell. Will and Eliza Cantwell.

mourn the loss of three more babies — Stephen, Ermal LeRoy, and Mary Elaine. Her test in this life was severe.

When Eliza became seriously ill with cancer, all her children came to the hospital during her operation. That evening after the operation, Venna met the doctor in the hall; he was a former schoolmate. He said, "I hope your mother does not live through this night, for if she does it will only be to suffer much pain before she goes." Early the next morning the telephone rang at Eliza's house and Venna answered. It was Eliza; her voice was so weak. Eliza told Venna that during the night she was visited by her deceased father-in-law, James Cantwell. He told her he had come for her, but if she did not want to go then she could have her choice. He said, "I know you wanted to stay until after Leone's baby is born. You have your choice, but if you stay you will suffer much."

Shortly before her death, Eliza wrote to Venna and said, "By the time you get this letter I'll be gone, but don't feel bad about my death. I'll be well and this is the only way I can get well." This was her farewell; she had overcome this life and met its tests.

Her son Jim wrote this tribute of his mother:

I can never remember when I didn't have a thirst for knowledge. My mother, bless her, was my pattern. She won my confidence until I never questioned anything she told me. I stood wide-eyed, listening to what she said, wondering how she knew so much when her chances had been so meager.

You can bet it was about religion, as it was in that area where she shined so brilliantly! As in everything else, she was not just honest

but, to a point naive. A salesman came to our home and offered an inducement of twenty percent off for an order. Mother was confused, which caused the salesman to ask if his offer was not satisfactory. Mother answered, "I can see how I would come out, but what about you?"

Mother was a leader and I was a student. She figuratively kept the fire glowing by feeding the flame until it grew and grew to reach up high. Literally, it took many years until I caught up with her. I had the advantage of going to school — new ideas and new truths coming to keep me in something to ponder. I needed her in spite of my school consideration because Mother taught me faith — in religion and in the prophet, and in what his teachings declared to be the truth.

Eliza did live to see Leone's baby born. In fact she lived for over a year after that. On September 23, 1941 she passed away at her home in Smithfield at the age of sixty-five. She was buried two days later in the Smithfield Cemetery.

#### *Children:*

A41	William Cantwell	
	Born 23 Dec 1896	Died 24 Jan 1897
*A42	Chloe Cantwell	
	Born 15 Jan 1898	Died 9 Feb 1920
*A43	Venna Aulean Cantwell	
	Born 25 Aug 1900	
A44	Stephen Cantwell	
	Born 7 Feb 1903	Died 10 Feb 1903
*A45	James Harold Cantwell	
	Born 10 Aug 1904	Died 6 Feb 1972
*A46	Leone Cantwell	
	Born 17 March 1907	
A47	Ermal LeRoy Cantwell	
	Born 17 Oct 1910	Died 20 Nov 1910
*A48	Dean Pratt Cantwell	
	Born 20 Jan 1912	
*A49	Kenneth Robert Cantwell	
	Born 22 Feb 1917	
A40	Mary Elaine Cantwell	
	Born 9 Mar 1919	Died 6 Jul 1919

## A42 Chloe Cantwell Balls

Chloe Cantwell was born January 15, 1898 at Bennington, Idaho. She was the oldest daughter

of William Hamer Cantwell and Eliza Jane Mouritsen.

Chloe had an older brother William who died as an infant. Chloe's parents lived in a little log cabin near her Grandpa Mouritsen. Chloe was a very healthy baby, but as a small baby she was exposed to the whooping cough. Chloe contracted this disease and after that she was a sickly child.

Her parents moved back to Smithfield, Utah, and it was here that she started school. One day she was sweeping the floor and she fainted. The doctor said Chloe had a leakage of the heart caused by the whooping cough when she was a baby. She was ordered to bed for one year; after that she could not do much hard, physical labor or play normally.

When her father was called on a mission it was a concern to him because the doctors diagnosed that she could not live over a year. Yet when Will was set apart for his mission he was promised that not a member of his family would be missing when he returned. Chloe's parents had great faith in this promise, and from that time on Chloe's health improved. She returned to school and graduated from the eighth grade.

Although she was never a strong person she developed a wonderful personality. Kindness, gentleness, and being soft-spoken were her traits; she was loved by everyone. Shortly before she was married she and Venna went together to receive their patriarchal blessings. Chloe's blessing was very short; Venna's was lengthy. This seemed unusual to the family. Chloe was promised that "no daughter of Eve has a greater mission coming to her than you have to preach to the souls of man."

Chloe was courted by Laverre Balls in 1917. Laverre lived in Hyde Park. There were no cars and so he courted her with a horse and buggy in the summer and a sleigh in the winter. The young couple made plans to marry in the Logan Temple. But two days before their marriage there was a fire in the Logan Temple which did so much damage they had to take a train to Salt Lake City. On December 4, 1917 they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Laverre was born November 26, 1897 at Hyde Park, Utah; he is the son of William Balls and Mary Ellen Metcalf.

Chloe and Laverre had such great love for each other, but there was something missing — Chloe wanted a baby. The doctor finally advised her

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that she wouldn't be able to have children unless she had an operation. She wanted a baby so much that she underwent surgery.

Shortly after that in September, Laverre was drafted into the army due to World War I. It was hard on Chloe to part with Laverre while he was away; she returned to live with her parents while he was gone. Laverre was sent to San Diego. However, he contracted the flu and was discharged to return home in February 1918.

After he returned home they moved to Amalga and eventually Chloe was expecting a baby. On February 5, 1920 Chloe gave birth to a son who was named Glen William Balls. Only four days later Chloe died with pneumonia resulting from the influenza which was still of epidemic proportions at that time. She was buried in the Smithfield cemetery at the young age of twenty-two. Chloe's family felt that she had been called home early to another mission — preaching to the souls of men in the Spirit World. Her baby was cared for and raised by his grandmother, Eliza Cantwell.

Laverre continued to farm at Amalga with his brother and lived with the Cantwells for a while. Later he worked in Nevada. On June 25, 1930 he remarried to Leone Kresie who was a school teacher. They farmed at Dayton, Idaho for years. Laverre currently resides at 546 South State, Richmond, Utah 84333.

*Children:*

\*A421 Glen William Balls  
Born 5 Feb 1920



Glen W. Balls as a boy.

## A421 Glen William Balls

Glen W. Balls was born February 5, 1920 at Smithfield, Utah. He was the only child of Laverre Balls and Chloe Cantwell. His mother passed away four days after his birth. His grandparents, William Hamer and Eliza Jane Mouritsen Cantwell, raised him until he was about ten years old. His father remarried Leone Kresie, and they took Glen to raise at that time. He lived on his father's farm at Dayton, Idaho. He attended grade school in Dayton and high school in Preston, Idaho.

On April 2, 1942 he married Fern Moody. This was during the Second World War, and Glen was in the Army. After his boot training he was sent to Europe, where he participated in the Battle of the Bulge, among other confrontations. In 1946 he was divorced from his wife.

Glen stayed in the Army and made it a career. He spent two tours of duty in Korea and Vietnam, two tours of duty in Germany, and one to the Aleutian Islands. Stateside, Glen served at Ft. Lewis (Washington), Ft. Ritchie (Maryland), and Yakima, Washington. In 1966 Glen retired from the Army with over twenty-two years of military service.

On December 30, 1952 he married Verla Marie Yaussi. She was born January 15, 1925 at Paris, Idaho; she is the daughter of Ernest Yaussi (Jausi) and Reva Emmaline Lewis. She accompanied Glen on his first tour of Germany, being stationed



Glen W. Balls with his sons, Steven (left) and Duayne (right). Taken just prior to leaving for Vietnam.

in Ulm, Germany. They returned to the States in 1956 and were assigned to Ft. Lewis, Washington. Both of their sons, Duayne and Steven, were born at Madigan Army Hospital at Ft. Lewis. The family lived at Spanaway, Washington during this time. They were then sent on another tour of Germany, being stationed at Hanau, Germany. In 1962 they returned again to the States and were assigned to Ft. Ritchie, Maryland. His family lived in Preston, Idaho while Glen went to Vietnam. His last assignment before retirement was at Yakima, Washington.

After Glen retired from the Army, he moved his family to Layton, Utah. In June 1969 he and Verla were divorced. On June 20, 1969 Glen married Lillian A. Combe at Evanston, Wyoming. She was born October 11, 1914 at Ogden, Utah to Benjamin Combe and Bessie Hartwell. Currently Glen is working for Utah Transit as a driver; he resides at 1155 South 1000 East, #11, Clearfield, Utah 84015.

#### *Children:*

- \*A4211 Duayne Balls  
Born 14 Sep 1956
- \*A4212 Steven Balls  
Born 19 Apr 1959

### **A4211 Duayne Balls**

I was born September 14, 1956 to my parents, Glen William Balls and Verla Marie Yaussi. I was born at Madigan Army Hospital in Ft. Lewis, Washington.

We lived in Spanaway, Washington until June 1959, when my father received orders to go to Germany. My mother, my brother, and I stayed in Preston, Idaho while waiting to join my father, which we did in December 1959. We were stationed in Hanau, Germany where I attended kindergarten. We were then transferred to Ft. Ritchie, Maryland where I attended first and second grades. I attended third grade in Preston, Idaho while my father was in Vietnam. When my father came back from Vietnam we were assigned to Yakima, Washington where I attended the fourth grade.

In 1967 our family moved to Layton, Utah where I finished grade school at Central Elementary. Then I attended North Layton



**Duayne and Debra T. Balls.**

Junior High, and I graduated from Layton High School in 1974. I attended Weber State College for one year.

I was called on a mission to the Taiwan, Taipei Mission from June 1976 to June 1978. I then worked at Hill Air Force Base, and then for the Internal Revenue Service.

On July 17, 1981 I married Debra Thompson in the St. George Temple. Debra was born March 18, 1960 at Cedar City, Utah; she is the daughter of Willard Bleak Thompson and Alice May Covington.

I enjoy most sports, but basketball is my favorite. We have made Salt Lake City our home where I work for Udisco. We currently reside at 4055 South 1535 West, Apt. #11A, Salt Lake City, Utah 84107.

### **A4212 Steven Balls**

I was born April 19, 1959 at Madigan Army Hospital in Ft. Lewis, Washington. I am the son of Glen William Balls and Verla Marie Yaussi.

I lived in Spanaway, Washington until June 1959, when my father was sent to Hanau, Germany. We went to Preston, Idaho until December 1959, awaiting a port call to join our father in Germany. The family went over on the S.S. United States on her maiden voyage. We had Christmas at sea that year. On the return from Germany we were stationed at Ft. Ritchie, Maryland.

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**Steven Balls.**

We lived next in Preston, Idaho while my father served a tour of duty in Vietnam.

I attended first grade in Preston. My father then returned from Vietnam, and we moved to Yakima, Washington where I attended second grade. My father retired from the service in 1966 and we moved to Layton, Utah in 1967. I finished school here, attending grade school, North Layton Junior High, and graduating from Layton High School.

I am a sports enthusiast, liking especially basketball, tennis, and fishing. I have traveled a lot throughout the United States and Europe. I now work at Hill Air Force Base as an aircraft maintenance worker, and live at home with my mother at 1588 W. Camelot Drive, Layton, Utah 84041.

### **A43 Venna Aulean Cantwell Janes**

I was born August 25, 1900 in the William Deppe home at Smithfield, Utah. I am the third child of William Hamer Cantwell and Eliza Jane Mouritsen. My parents had a hard time before I was born. There was very little work other than farming, and my father could not save enough money to buy a farm. Dad and Mother moved to Bennington, Idaho so he could get work on Grandpa Mouritsen's farm. The weather was not good, so they had a crop failure that year. This was a very difficult winter for all, and it was only through the help of the Lord that the Mouritsen and Cantwell families were able to make it through the winter with enough food. Idaho did



**Venna C. Janes.**

not seem to be the place for Dad to get started, so he came back to Utah to live.

One thing I know is that Grandpa Mouritsen and Grandpa Cantwell were both willing to do all they could to help Dad and Mother get started. Grandpa Cantwell had a little farm land, so he gave my father seven acres of land in Smithfield. Dad went up the canyon to get enough lumber to build a small house on this land. I was less than a year old when the new house was finished and we moved into it. This is where I grew up.

When I was five years old, I began thinning sugar beets on Father's farm. I continued this for a number of years. When the beets were done, I weeded Manford Smith's onions to get spending money and clothes for myself.

Herb Saxton lived with us while he was growing up, and he learned to farm from my dad. When he was old enough to manage the farm alone, we went on a vacation to Bennington, Idaho to visit Grandpa Mouritsen, Aunt Lizzie, Aunt Carrie, and their families. We drove in a covered wagon. The road was narrow most of the way. Every now and then a side road would go down to an area where we could get water for drinking, cooking, and camping. It took two days to drive to Bennington. It seemed that every night a thunder and lightning storm would come. The lightning lit the whole sky. Thunder would roar and echo so until it scared us. I was happy for morning to come.

When we arrived, both families were out to greet us. None of our older aunts and uncles were married then. At night they taught us to play games like "Run, Sheepie, Run." We made beds on the ground; we looked up at the sky and enjoyed the stars. We had wonderful things to eat. Aunt Lizzie made lumpy dick; Aunt Carrie made Danish dumplings. Grandpa had beautiful vegetable gardens; he also had a fish pond. When we were older he had an open-air dance hall and hired a live orchestra. I surely loved my aunts and uncles; the memories of them are great.

My Grandmother Cantwell was president of the Relief Society when I was young. There were five of our early pioneers still living at that time; they had no living relatives so it was Grandmother's duty to take care of them. It was my pleasure to help her. In order to visit them, Grandfather hitched a horse named "Old Deacon" to a one-seated cutter in the winter and to a one-seated buggy in the summer. Grandmother cooked for them and did their washing. It was my privilege to take these things to them. I cleaned their log cabins and changed the sheets on their beds. The sheets were made of washed flour sacks. I got first-hand stories of their lives; these stories were wonderful and increased my faith.

I had a very happy childhood. I remember well my great-grandparents. Mother would take us children to see our great-grandmother Hillyard every week. She was a wonderful woman; she raised my mother from five years old when my grandmother died. Once when we visited, Great-grandmother was ill. Mother left me with her. I was thirteen but I had never cooked a meal before; so Great-grandmother taught me how to make a rice pudding. I was really proud of myself. Later that same day she told me to go the nearest telephone and call Mother and Dad and tell them to come quickly. Dad was working in the field; they came in a buggy. Great-grandmother was fighting hard to breathe by the time they got there. Dad lifted her up in his arms to help her breathe. She died in my father's arms.

I also remember my grand-grandfather Mouritsen from my childhood. He had a strong testimony. My mother took us to see him once a week. He lived with Aunt Jane Miles who took care of him when he was dying of cancer. No

matter how much pain he was in, he got out of bed and knelt by the bed to pray every night and morning. He always took our hand and squeezed it with love. He was always happy to see us. Great-grandfather loved home-made root beer. Aunt Jane always gave us a glass of it to drink. She always made a little lunch and insisted we eat it before starting home.

When Dad was away on his mission, my mother worked hard to support him and our family. The whole time he was away, we all kept very busy and the Lord really blessed us. Mother took in sewing to make additional money. I lay behind her sewing machine and pushed the treadle to save her strength.

At Christmas time, Aunt Meal [Amelia] and Uncle Hyrum Hillyard came in a sleigh and took us to their home on the farm and gave us a wonderful dinner. When we left, they gave us some wild ducks to take with us that they had hunted. Boy, those ducks sure tasted good. We had a wonderful time there too, as they had sons just older than we were. They took us up on the hill in hand sleighs and then we slid down.

The second Christmas Dad was gone, we were invited to spend the holidays in Preston, Idaho with friends of my parents, Nora and Thorn Richardson. We went to Preston on the train. It was our first train ride, and we had a wonderful time.

When Dad came home, Mother had an Axminster carpet on her floor. She and Herb built what they called a cook shanty, and it was just a few feet from the house. They put the coal cook stove out in it to keep the house cool from the heat of cooking. I recall one time when I came home from school, I saw a two-seated black surrey with the fringe on top out in front of our home. There were not many surreys yet and my first thought was, "Who has come to visit us?" To my surprise it belonged to Dad. I also recall how my mother said to Dad when he put a bathtub and toilet in our house, "You have sure gotten big since your mission — now you can't even bathe in a tin tub anymore!"

When I was nineteen, my older sister Chloe died. It was not her heart problem but rather the influenza and pneumonia catching her in such a weakened condition following the birth of her baby, Glen. Mother was too ill at the time to take

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care of the baby, so I left school to take care of him. I also helped Mother with little Mary Elaine and Kenneth.

After they were old enough for me to leave home, I went to Salt Lake City to beauty school. When there I had the privilege of living in Brigham Young's old home which had been turned into a girl's dormitory. The Lord surely blessed me because after my training I was able to get the first permanent-wave machine in Cache Valley. People came from as far away as Preston, Idaho for permanents.

On January 2, 1935 I married Ray Low Janes in the Logan Temple. He was born April 26, 1908 at Providence, Utah. He is the son of Joseph Ralph Janes and Helen Low. We bought and furnished a small home in Providence before we were married. We moved into it immediately and lived there until mid-summer of 1940. I kept my beauty shop in Smithfield until Marsha, my first child, was born in February, 1937. Two years and four months later my son Norbert was born. When he was fourteen months old we moved to Madison, Wisconsin. This was 1940. Ray enrolled at the University of Wisconsin to obtain his Ph.D. degree, having already earned his bachelor's degree from Utah State University in 1932. We lived in Madison and Okauchee, Wisconsin.

While we lived in Madison, my mother died. Twice I was able to come home for a visit while she was so ill. I was able to do her spring cleaning as I knew how she always liked her house to be

just so. Now I know how she must have felt when you aren't able to do your own cleaning.

1943 was a busy year. Our last child Karen was born in October. Ray received his doctor's degree in entomology. Ray was already working in Milwaukee for the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. When Karen was eighteen months old we moved to Milwaukee.

While we lived in Milwaukee, the ward we went to told us to bottle and store food so we would have a supply put away. I went to a meat shop and bought a sizable amount of pork and beef. The only transportation we had at the time was the city bus, so I carried home as much as I could lift on the bus. Then I went back on the bus and carried some more home. It took many such trips, but I finally got all of the meat home. Now came the job of pressuring it. Before I was through it seemed as though the entire kitchen was completely covered with pork grease. It was a chore to clean up, but we had our supply of meat in. Later on, meat and groceries got harder to get and neighbors could not understand where I was getting the meat they could smell cooking in our apartment. My effort had paid off, and we had food to eat during hard times when food was almost unobtainable.

In 1946 Ray got a position at Michigan State University in East Lansing, Michigan. We moved on campus at MSU. At that time there were only about twelve Mormon families in East Lansing and Lansing. Ray and I and the children went all over the State of Michigan trying to find inactive members of the church. We found quite a few families; some of them have since served as bishops and stake presidents. Ray was made Superintendent of the Lansing Ward Sunday School; again we helped many inactive members back into the church. After this I was made second counselor in the Primary, then a stake missionary, and then stake *Improvement Era* director. Ray helped me with all my work. Our home was where the missionaries and some MSU graduate students had Sunday dinner. When boys and girls came East as missionaries without a testimony, we helped them get one and hence to fill a good mission. In 1961 while I was a stake missionary, my father died; I spoke at his funeral.

After my children grew up and left home, I got a job as a diabetic dietician at the Sparrow Hospital in Lansing. During this time we were able to send Norbert on a mission, which was a great joy.



The Ray L. Janes Family: left to right, front — Venna C., Ray L.; back — Karen, Norbert Ray, and Marsha.

In 1970 Ray retired from Michigan State but continued on a consulting and writing basis for another year. Ray received recognition for his work in the field of entomology; he was published locally and nationally. On August 25, 1970 we came back to Utah to make our home. As Ray says, "Our ten years of retirement have been good. True, there have been problems; but, for the most part, our spirits have been excellent. We are busy turning our one-fourth acre city lot into a miniature farm. Results: satisfying."

They say that when one looks back they are getting old. I guess I am getting old because I surely enjoy looking back at those days. I don't believe anyone has ever lived as enjoyable a life as I have. We now reside at 246 East 1140 North Orem, Utah 84057.

#### *Children:*

- \*A431 Marsha Janes  
Born 12 Feb 1937
- \*A432 Norbert Ray Janes  
Born 21 Jun 1939
- \*A433 Karen Janes  
Born 6 Oct 1943

### **A431 Marsha Janes Daley**

I was born February 12, 1937 in Logan, Utah. I am the oldest child of Ray Low Janes and Venna Aulean Cantwell. While I was still young, Mother allowed me to help her hang clothes up to dry. I



**John R. and Marsha J. Daley.**

used to climb up on a cupboard and reach out as far on the line as I dared to reach. Then I would look down, and for fear of falling off the end I would decide that I had hung them far enough.

My father and mother owned at least one cow that I remember. One day my father went out in the field and I wanted to go with him. There was one problem — the cow was standing between my father and me. Now, that cow looked pretty fierce, and I stood there a while trying to muster up enough courage to make the trip. I finally took off on a run, making a wide circle around the cow. I made it to where my father was, safe and sound. My heart was still pounding and my knees were weak, but I felt that my father would protect me from the cow, which stood innocently chewing her cud some distance away.

We lived in Providence, Utah until I was three years old. At that time my family, which consisted of my parents, Norbert, and me, moved to Madison, Wisconsin where my father attended the University of Wisconsin. When Daddy graduated, he obtained a job with the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company.

We rented a small summer home in Okauchee, Wisconsin. The home was cold in the winter time. I remember wishing it was warmer when I got up in the morning. I hated to take a bath because I got so chilled before the bath was over. We had a lot of illness in this home. They used to put up quarantine signs on the side of the homes when someone had mumps, polio, or any other contagious disease. The health department just barely took one sign off our home and they had to turn around and put another one up.

My father finally found a better apartment in Milwaukee for us to move into. Just about the time we were going to move, the town of Okauchee quarantined everyone for polio. We were told we would be unable to make the move. My parents talked to a doctor and made arrangements with him to make the move anyway. The conditions were that we could not come in contact with other people during that move, and that the children in our family would not be able to leave the apartment in Milwaukee until the quarantine in Okauchee was lifted. So in the middle of the night we got into our car and made the trip to our new home.

The apartment was beautiful to me. I didn't get over the awe I felt as I ran from room to room. The windows in my room were big, and I was able

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to see many things so as to entertain myself. We lived across from a big hotel where weddings were performed. I used to watch the brides and grooms emerge from the building in showers of rice and get into a car all covered with decorations. Some of the fondest memories of my lifetime developed while we lived in this apartment.

The day finally arrived when the quarantine was lifted and we were allowed to venture outside. I was met at the door by the little neighbor girls whose friendship I had developed from our second story window.

In the fall of the year I went to school in the biggest school building I had ever seen. The playground was huge and divided into two parts; the boys' playground on one side and girls' playground on the other. The girls stayed on their own side, but as boys will be boys, a few wandered onto the girls' side to chase us and give us a hard time. I got lost the first day at school and someone had to take me around to the different second grade rooms until I found the teacher that belonged to me. I was very careful not to get lost again.

In 1945 the war ended while we were living in Milwaukee. Two or three days before it ended, the radio began to announce a possible end to the war. A friend and I became busily engaged in tearing up newspaper. We stored the paper in boxes so we could float it down from the top of a three-story building as soon as the announcement came that the war was over. Finally the news came, and we took our boxes and turned them upside down releasing the contents. Several pieces floated out, but we were too close to the ground for most of it to gain momentum. Most of the paper just flopped to the ground with very little display of grandeur. What a disappointment! After all that work and one big lump of paper, it was all over with. In the meanwhile my father was having a lot more success with his project. As I approached the house I saw the big tree in front of our home covered with toilet paper. He was just finishing up the last of the rolls that we had in the house. The thoughts of no toilet paper for the weekend had not entered our minds as we watched the streamers attaching themselves to the tree. It had entered Mother's mind, however, and she realized that the stores were closed and she would be unable to purchase any more until they opened their doors again on Monday.



**Children of John R. and Marsha J. Daley; left to right, front — Rebecca Kathleen holding Mary Anne, Aaron Janes holding Jeremy William, Kimberlee holding Hannah Eliza; back — Jennifer Ray, David Richard, and Brian John.**

After the war, my father obtained a job with Michigan State University. With mixed feelings I left the apartment I loved so much and my friends, and we got on a ferryboat to go to our new home in East Lansing. During the next few years we moved many times, and I had the experience of attending a variety of schools. I never did like leaving my old friends, but after each move I soon found new friends and became accustomed to the new school. Over the years I attended four grade schools, three high schools, B.Y.U., and Utah State University.

On December 23, 1961 I married John Richard Daley in the Manti Temple, and from that marriage we have nine children. John was born January 22, 1939 at Salt Lake City, Utah; he is the son of Robert Daley and Rosella Pearl Gerard. We currently reside at 14245 Rose Canyon Road, Riverton, Utah 84065.

#### *Children:*

A4311	Aaron Janes Daley Born 18 Sep 1962
*A4312	Kimberlee Daley Born 18 Apr 1964
A4313	Rebecca Kathleen Daley Born 3 May 1965
A4314	Brian John Daley Born 18 Mar 1968
A4315	Jennifer Ray Daley Born 21 Jul 1970
A4316	David Robert Daley Born 16 Sep 1972

- A4317 Jeremy William Daley  
Born 25 Jun 1975
- A4318 Mary Anne Daley  
Born 27 Feb 1977
- A4319 Hannah Eliza Daley  
Born 26 Dec 1978

### A4312 Kimberlee Daley Jessop

I was born April 18, 1964 at Boulder, Colorado. My parents are John Richard Daley and Marsha Janes. When I was three months old we moved to Clearfield, Utah where my father worked for 7-Eleven. About a year later we moved to Orem, Utah where we lived for many years. I started school there. Most of my schooling was in the Orem area. I was always interested in sports, especially basketball. I won blue ribbons in Windsor grade school in their field day races.

On March 2, 1982 I married Karl Warner Jessop in Taylorsville, Utah; he is the son of Karl W. Jessop and Carol Ann Allred. He was born February 19, 1961 in Salt Lake City, Utah. We will make our home in the Salt Lake area.



K. Warner and Kimberlee Jessop.

### A432 Norbert Ray Janes

I was born June 21, 1939 in Logan, Utah at William Budge Memorial Hospital. I am the second child and only son of Ray Low Janes and Venna Aulean Cantwell. During the first year of

my life my parents moved to Madison, Wisconsin where my father attended the University of Wisconsin to obtain his Doctorate of Philosophy in the discipline of entomology. We then moved to Milwaukee, Wisconsin where I started my early school years. While I was in the second grade, my family moved to Lansing, Michigan where I spent the years before my mission. Although the L.D.S. branch and later the ward at Lansing was small, the members were close and enjoyed the gospel together. I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Sylvan H. Whitwer, August 24, 1947, in the old Y.M.C.A. swimming pool in Lansing.

During the early years of my life I had three ambitions: (1) to serve a mission for the church, (2) to finish college, and (3) to serve in the armed services of the United States of America. At the age of twenty-five, I had completed the first two goals. I served a mission in Mexico. I entered the mission home on January 18, 1960, received my endowment January 19, 1960 in the Salt Lake Temple, and was set apart for a mission by Milton R. Hunter on January 20, 1960. I received an



The Norbert R. Janes Family: left to right, front — Lucile S. holding Deborah, Annette, Norbert R. and Russell Lawrence; back — Douglas Ray and Edward Smith.

honorable release in July, 1962. I graduated from Brigham Young University in August, 1964 with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in math/physics. On January 16, 1965 I entered the United States Air

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Force and commenced the pilot training program. During pilot training I met Lucile Smith and we were married in the Mesa, Arizona Temple on June 24, 1966. Lucile was born February 27, 1944 at Snowflake, Arizona. She is the daughter of Lawrence Nelson Smith and Fern Lucille Hansen. Shortly after our marriage we moved to Honolulu, Hawaii where we spent the next three and a half years and our remaining tour of duty in the U.S. Air Force. As a Lieutenant and a Captain, I flew cargo transport planes in the South Seas during the Vietnam War.

On January 12, 1970 I received an honorable release from the Air Force, and we moved to Tempe, Arizona where I entered Arizona State University and completed the master's degree program in business administration. After graduation in January, 1972, I obtained employment with AZL Resources Inc. where I have worked as a business executive from January 23, 1972 to date (i.e. February, 1981). Currently I am president of Re Chem Corp. and AZCO Properties Inc., both subsidiaries of AZL Resources. I am also director of corporate real estate for the parent company.

I have served in various capacities in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. These callings have included bishop's executive secretary, Young Marrieds leader, Gospel Doctrine instructor, Gospel Essentials instructor, youth Sunday School teacher, elders' quorum counselor, home teacher, and stake missionary. I served in the Tempe Stake Mission from June 20, 1978 to September 28, 1980. Presently, February, 1981, I am president of the Tempe Fourth quorum of elders.

As service to the community in the past years, I have served as an adviser to Junior Achievement, youth soccer coach for three seasons, and youth baseball coach. I also served as Cub Scout Master of Pack 274 and as president of Profit, a business organization. I have been politically active and have assisted several Republican candidates.

My favorite hobbies and pastimes include watching football, photographing family, and increasing skills through university courses such as real estate, Spanish, range and livestock management, etc.

I have a strong, fervent testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ and I know that my redeemer lives.

At the present time we reside at 516 East Alameda Drive, Tempe, Arizona 85282.

#### *Children:*

- A4321 Edward Smith Janes  
Born 30 Jun 1970
- A4322 Douglas Ray Janes  
Born 18 Jun 1972
- A4323 Russell Lawrence Janes  
Born 16 Jan 1976
- A4324 Annette Janes  
Born 25 Mar 1978
- A4325 Deborah Janes  
Born 9 Nov 1980

### **A433 Karen Janes**

Karen was born October 6, 1943 in Summit Township (Okauchee), Waukesha County, Wisconsin. She is the third and last child of Ray Low Janes and Venna Aulean Cantwell. As an infant she became seriously ill; it was diagnosed that she had polio and pneumonia. It was through the faith and prayers of her family that her life was spared. Her mother spent many hours exercising Karen's arms and legs to overcome the problems the polio had created.

Shortly after her birth her family relocated at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. In 1946 she moved again to East Lansing, Michigan where she started school. She attended schools in East Lansing, Williamston, and Lansing. After graduating from



**Karen Janes**

Eastern High School in Lansing, Karen came west to attend Brigham Young University where she graduated in home economics. She then garnered a master's degree from Utah State University.

Karen is currently teaching junior high students history and English in Tempe, Arizona. She also is doing graduate study at Arizona State in Tempe. She resides at 1114 East Alameda Drive, Tempe, Arizona 85282.

## A45 James Harold Cantwell

James Harold Cantwell was born August 10, 1904 in Smithfield, Utah. He was the son of William Hamer Cantwell and Eliza Jane Mouritsen. He was the first male child of the couple to survive infancy and held a very special place in their affection.

From childhood he had a great desire to learn and to travel. In fact, his longing to know what was at the other end of the road caused his older sister Venna many trips and bruised shins to bring the two-year old Jim back from his exploring expeditions.

Jim's father was a farmer and Jim learned young the value of hard work; he began milking at five years of age.

He was educated in the Smithfield schools and graduated from North Cache High School. He filled a mission for the L.D.S. Church in England.



James H. Cantwell

He returned in 1928 and went to work with his father on the family farm.

Jim married Afton Greene on November 6, 1929 in the Logan Temple. She was born August 25, 1910; she is the daughter of John Platt Greene and Effie Allsop. They made their home in Amalga where the farm was located, and became the parents of three sons and a daughter.

Jim became the victim of extensive allergies, making it difficult for him to farm. The result was the founding of Cantwell Brothers Lumber Company by him and his brother Dean in Smithfield. Dean moved to Smithfield, but Jim remained in Amalga although they sold the farm.

Jim was always a student and became a well-educated man. His choicest recreation was to read — everything. He was a great student all of his life. He did some writing and poetry.

He had a great capacity for making friends; he never met a stranger — just a few minutes of conversation with anyone would reveal a mutual acquaintance or interest on which to build a friendship.

Jim was always active in the church, serving in a number of executive positions in the ward and stake. His greatest joy was his Gospel Doctrine class where he held the position of teacher for thirty years. When ill health forced his release, the ward held a special fireside for him and presented him with a plaque for his long service.

As a result of intensive treatment for his aller-



The James H. Cantwell Family: left to right, front — Afton G. and James H.; back — James Clair, Lee Greene, Wayne William and Linda.

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gies, his liver became diseased and he died February 6, 1972. He is buried in the Smithfield Cemetery. He was a good husband and father, a true friend, a great scholar, teacher, writer, and a faithful son of his Heavenly Father.

Afton still resides in the family home at 455 East Center, Smithfield, Utah 84335.

*Children:*

- \*A451 James Clair Cantwell  
Born 10 Oct 1930
- \*A452 Lee Greene Cantwell  
Born 25 Jul 1933
- \*A453 Wayne William Cantwell  
Born 23 Sep 1937
- \*A454 Linda Cantwell  
Born 21 Feb 1942

### A451 James Clair Cantwell

I was born October 10, 1930 in Smithfield, Utah. I am the first child of James Harold Cantwell and Afton Greene. When I was still very young, we moved to Amalga to live on our farm. I grew up in that rural area. I went to school, learned to work, and grew in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. My parents were diligent in teaching me and my siblings the necessary L.D.S. values, and thus they prepared a foundation for us to build upon.

Soon after I graduated from high school I married Ella Margery Petersen in the Logan Temple. She was born December 15, 1928 at Newton, Utah. She is the daughter of Parley Andrew Petersen and Ella Blanchard.



The J. Clair Cantwell Family: left to right, front — Margery P. and J. Clair; back — Vickie, Paula, James Garth and Marcia.

In June of 1950 the Korean War started. By January of 1951 I was in Korea in a field artillery battalion. My active duty with the army made it possible for me to go to school on the GI Bill. I subsequently attended dental school at the University of Oregon Dental School. I had two children, Vickie and Marcia, when I started school and three when I finished; Paula came to us in my Sophomore year. After one year of practice, my son James Garth was born and our family was complete.

We made our home in Portland, Oregon. We raised our family to maturity there. In April of 1978 I took a leave of absence from my practice and lived in Cache Valley, Utah for one and a half years. In November of 1979 I returned to my practice in Portland.

Margery and I now have seven grandchildren and two more expected soon whom we love dearly. Our lives are full and happy with our family, our church, and our work. We have been greatly blessed, and we are thankful for it. We currently reside at 14575 S.W. Walker Road, #19, Beaverton, Oregon 97006.

*Children:*

- \*A4511 Vickie Cantwell  
Born 18 Mar 1949
- \*A4512 Marcia Cantwell  
Born 6 Nov 1952
- \*A4513 Paula Cantwell  
Born 19 Mar 1957
- \*A4514 James Garth Cantwell  
Born 27 May 1960

### A4511 Vickie Cantwell Goldsmith

I was born March 18, 1949 at Logan, Utah. I am the oldest child of James Clair Cantwell and Ella Margery Petersen. We lived in Logan until I was six years old.

When I was about one and a half years old my father had to go to war in Korea and my mother and I lived with my Cantwell grandparents. I am sure this is one reason why I always felt so close to them and Aunt Linda, my father's sister.

When I was six we moved to Portland, Oregon where my father began dental school and I began first grade. I was baptized when I was eight years old. I always remember our family being active in the church. My childhood was filled with much



**The DuVal P. Goldsmith, Jr. Family: left to right — Jason DuVal, Vickie C., Ryan Clair and DuVal P. holding Krista.**

happiness and family love. I went all the way through school in the Portland schools. When I was old enough to work I worked in the summers, first as an assistant for my father and then as a bookkeeper for a medical clinic. I graduated from Clackamas High School in 1967.

I then attended Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, majoring in elementary education. My first summer home I met my husband-to-be, although I didn't know that until a year later. The first thing I noticed about him was his height of 6'7". His name is DuVal Pope Goldsmith, Jr. but we call him Alp, like the mountains. He was a missionary in our ward when I met him. I admired his spirituality and strength in the gospel. Of course, nothing was said by us personally. In fact, he returned home to marry another girl, and I planned to marry a fellow I had dated in high school who was also on a mission. In August Elder Goldsmith left for home and I thought I would never see him again. However, in January he called me at B.Y.U. and we arranged a meeting during Spring Vacation. We dated and by October we were engaged. We were married November 21, 1969 in the Logan Temple. Alp was born June 27, 1943 at Chicago, Illinois. He is the son of DuVal Pope Goldsmith and Dorothy Sophie Fleer.

Alp was a full-time seminary teacher in Salt Lake City and Provo. I graduated from B.Y.U. in 1971. I taught first grade for one year, and then we moved to Chicago where Alp was born and raised. His father had been having health problems and we went there to help him with his kitchen store. Our first child Jason DuVal was born there. We moved back to Portland one year

later where we both wanted to settle. Alp became a manager of men's clothing in a department store. He changed his profession, however, to real estate. We had our second son Ryan Clair about the same time. Alp progressed in his new profession from salesman to manager for another company to owning his own company. I started teaching kindergarten for two and one half hours each morning, and then began having pre-school in my own home. Each of my children has been in my class.

I have served in every auxiliary in the church. Mainly, I have been Laurel Advisor for seven years in three different wards. Currently I am the Young Women's president in our ward. My husband is also active in his church callings.

My interests are music, singing and piano, reading, swimming, tennis, and needlepoint. I am most grateful for my fine family and the gospel in my life. These two things are supreme in my life. We currently reside at 16470 S.W. Rosa Road, Beaverton, Oregon 97005.

#### *Children:*

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|---------------|---|
| <b>A45111</b> | Jason DuVal Goldsmith<br>Born 22 Sep 1972 |
| <b>A45112</b> | Ryan Clair Goldsmith<br>Born 17 Feb 1975  |
| <b>A45113</b> | Krista Goldsmith<br>Born 6 Aug 1977       |

### **A4512 Marcia Cantwell Taylor**

I was born November 6, 1952 at Logan, Utah. I am the daughter of James Clair Cantwell and Ella Margery Petersen. Although I was born in Logan, I consider Portland, Oregon my home. We moved there before my third birthday so Dad could attend dental school. I've been told we were poor then, but I've never felt like I needed or lacked anything important.

I was raised lovingly but with necessary discipline. We have a very close and affectionate family. Once when Vickie and I were shouting and fighting, Mother told us it upset her that we spoke badly to each other. Mother said her best friend was her sister, and someday Vickie and I would be best friends too. I thought Mom was crazy. Now that it's twenty years later it seems Mom was right again. My best girlfriends are my wonderful sisters, Vickie and Paula.

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Music has played a very important part in my life. Mother tended Paula and my ever active brother Jim for endless hours Saturday in the car, park, or grocery store while Vickie and I took piano and theory lessons. The piano training was a much needed foundation for what became my first musical love — singing. The highlight of my high school years was playing Eliza Doolittle in *My Fair Lady*. I also loved being in our a cappella choir and an ensemble. I had the privilege of being part of the dedication choir for the Seattle Temple; I suppose this is as close as one can get to being in a celestial choir on earth.

I met Morris Taylor, an elder in the Northwestern States Mission when I was fifteen years old. He and Elder Goldsmith were laboring in our ward and were exemplary missionaries. Morris loved the Northwest and his mission. At the conclusion of his mission, he realized he had more friends and job opportunities in the Northwest than he did in his home, Alabama, so he returned to Portland to work and attend college.

Dad called Morris "The Children's Friend" and others teased him about robbing the cradle when we announced our engagement shortly after my high school graduation. We were married March 26, 1971 in the Salt Lake Temple. Morris was born August 22, 1947 at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. He is the son of Hiram Doye Taylor and Francis Helen Holloway.

Morris and I have enjoyed a delightful marriage and plan for it to continue through eternity. We've been blessed with three lovely children and hope to have more.

I know nothing in my life would be the same



The Morris W. Taylor Family: left to right — Benjamin James, Morris W. holding Matthew Hiram and Marcia C. holding Ashley Helen.

were it not for my membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. My lifestyle, goals, values, and identity all revolve around my testimony that Jesus is the Christ and that I belong to His church. Because of this testimony, I am a happy and whole person, and I thank my Heavenly and earthly parents for being raised in an L.D.S. home that taught the gospel in word and deed. We currently reside at 11725 S.W. 12th, Beaverton, Oregon 97005.

#### *Children:*

- A45121** Benjamin James Taylor  
Born 25 Oct 1975
- A45122** Matthew Hiram Taylor  
Born 20 Mar 1977
- A45123** Ashley Helen Taylor  
Born 23 Dec 1979

### **A4513 Paula Cantwell Winn**

I was born March 19, 1957 at Portland, Oregon. I am the daughter of James Clair Cantwell and Ella Margery Petersen.

I enjoy music and was involved in musicals and contests all throughout high school. I attended schools in Portland, Oregon and then went to Brigham Young University. I graduated from B.Y.U. in early childhood education.

While at B.Y.U. I met William Eldon Winn. We were married on December 19, 1978 in the Salt Lake Temple. Bill was born November 1, 1955 at Pocatello, Idaho. He is the son of LaVell Bryce Winn and Elma Ruth Hill.

We moved to Pocatello where I am teaching third grade, and Bill is attending Idaho State



The William E. Winn Family: left to right — Paula C. and William E. holding Bryce.

University. We currently reside at 3974 Ethel Lane, Pocatello, Idaho 83201.

*Children:*

**A45131** Bryce William Winn  
Born 26 Dec 1981

## **A4514 James Garth Cantwell**

James Garth Cantwell was born May 27, 1960 at Portland, Oregon to James Clair Cantwell and Ella Margery Petersen.

Jim grew up in Portland and attended schools there. He is an excellent tennis player and had a tennis scholarship during his freshman year of college.



**James G. Cantwell.**

Jim served a mission for the LDS church to the Italy, Padova Mission from June 1979 to June 1981. He is currently enrolled at Brigham Young University where he will apply to law school following an undergraduate major in economics. He enjoys school very much and puts a great deal of effort into it.

He is active in church affairs, and also in intramural sports. He also enjoys basketball and is an excellent skier, but skiing is too expensive for a student. His current address is 1140 East 418 North, King Henry Apartment #7, Provo, Utah 84601.

## **A452 Lee Greene Cantwell**

Lee Greene Cantwell was born July 25, 1933 at Smithfield, Utah. He is the second second of

James Harold Cantwell and Afton Greene. The family moved to the farm at Amalga when Lee was about nine months old. There he spent his childhood and youth working on the farm. He attended school in Smithfield and North Cache High School. He attended college at U.S.U. in Logan.

Lee was active in music and theater groups in high school and college. He was one of the first group of missionaries to be sent out after the Second World War and the Korean War when that work was opened up again. He served his mission in Hawaii. After his release he completed his degree in pre dental work at U.S.U. He then attended the dental school at the University of Oregon.

While attending the University of Oregon he



**The Lee G. Cantwell Family: left to right, front — Lee G., Leslie Marie, and Karen H.; back — Steven Lee, Brian John and Sandra Lyn.**

met Karen Marie Hansen. They were married June 16, 1958 in the Logan Temple. Karen was born October 15, 1936 at Portland, Oregon. She is the daughter of Ralph Andrew Hansen and Marie Stark.

After finishing dental school, Lee served two years in the military as a dentist at Fort Devon, Massachusetts. He returned to Portland and established his practice there. This is where all of their children were born except Leslie, who was born while they were in Massachusetts.

In 1978 they sold their home and practice in Oregon and moved to Smithfield where Lee helps in the management of the family business as well as a dental practice. The family is actively engaged in church and civic work. Lee served on

the Smithfield Stake high council and recently was called as a bishop for the Smithfield Singles Ward.

Leslie graduated from Skyview High School and is now attending B.Y.U. where she is majoring in interior design. She enjoys art and dancing.

Brian is a sophomore at Skyview. He plays the drums (in his bedroom); he also enjoys karate and basketball.

They currently reside at 58 North 470 East, Smithfield, Utah 84335.

#### *Children:*

- \*A4521** Steve Lee Cantwell  
Born 25 Jul 1959
- \*A4522** Sandra Lyn Cantwell  
Born 5 Jun 1960
- A4523** Leslie Marie Cantwell  
Born 15 Apr 1963
- A4524** Brian John Cantwell  
Born 9 May 1966

### **A4521 Steven Lee Cantwell**

Steven L. Cantwell was born July 25, 1959 at Portland, Oregon to Lee Greene Cantwell and Karen Marie Hansen.

Steve was born while his dad was attending dental school. He lived for two years in Massachusetts, but returned to Portland where he started school.

After high school graduation in 1977, Steve attended college for a year prior to his mission call. From August 1978 to August 1980 he served in the Albuquerque, New Mexico Mission. He learned enough Spanish there to interest him in

that language, and has thus pursued its study at the Brigham Young University.

Currently Steve is a junior at BYU majoring in English. He plans to stay in school until he gets a doctorate and qualifies to teach at a college level.

Steve loves skiing and running, but prefers playing his guitar or reading to most other activities. Steve's address is c/o 58 North 470 East, Smithfield, Utah 84335.

### **A4522 Sandra Lyn Cantwell**

Sandra was born June 5, 1960 at Portland, Oregon to Lee Greene Cantwell and Karen Marie Hansen.

She grew up in Portland, attending schools there until her graduation from high school. In 1978 she moved to Smithfield, Utah with her family.

Currently Sandra is a sophomore at Brigham Young University majoring in Youth Leadership. This is a new field of study and fits very well into her area of interests. She has spent time on a volunteer basis as a camp counselor at summer camps for the handicapped in Montana and Utah, and worked for the State of Oregon as a counselor in an outdoor school program there.

Sandra returned in July, 1981 from BYU Study Abroad in Israel. She spent six months there, and then toured Europe before returning home. She sings, dances and writes songs and skits for her family and friends.

Sandra's address is c/o 58 North 470 East, Smithfield, Utah 84335.



**Steven L. Cantwell**



**Sandra Lyn Cantwell**

### A453 Wayne William Cantwell

Wayne William Cantwell was born September 23, 1937 at Logan, Utah. He is the third son of James Harold Cantwell and Afton Greene.

He attended schools in Smithfield and North Cache High School. He attended college in Grand Junction, Colorado and U.S.U. He served a mission for the L.D.S. Church in Taiwan from April 1959 to September 1961.

Wayne then served in the army for two years in Okinawa. After his discharge he took a job with G.M.A.C. where he worked until the death of his father. He then became co-manager in the family business, Cantwell Brothers Lumber.

Wayne married Beverly Long on June 8, 1966 in the Salt Lake Temple. Beverly was born September 24, 1943 at Roosevelt, Utah. She is the daughter of Winfred Nathan Long and Velma Rudy. In 1970 Wayne and Beverly adopted their first child and have since become the parents of three more children.

They currently reside at 1248 E. 2300 North, Logan, Utah 84321.



The Wayne W. Cantwell Family: clockwise from top — Wayne W., Beverly L., Eric Jon, Amy, Scott William and Gregory Wayne.

#### Children:

- A4531 Gregory Wayne Cantwell  
Born 3 Sep 1970
- A4532 Eric Jon Cantwell  
Born 16 Nov 1972

- A4533 Amy Cantwell  
Born 4 May 1974
- A4534 Scott William Cantwell  
Born 12 Jun 1977

### A454 Linda Cantwell Tibbitts

Linda Cantwell was born February 21, 1942 at Smithfield, Utah. She is the fourth child and only daughter of James Harold Cantwell and Afton Greene. She grew up on the family farm at Amalga and attended school in Smithfield and North Cache High. She also attended U.S.U.

She married Edgar Bright Tibbitts on September 8, 1961 in the Salt Lake Temple. Ed was born December 21, 1936 at Lewiston, Utah. He is the son of Floyd Edgar Tibbitts and Marva Bright. Linda and Ed lived in Logan for a year or two. Linda worked for the Forest Service while Ed went to school at U.S.U. and worked as a salesman at Axtell Chevrolet.

In 1965 they bought a home in Hyde Park, Utah. Ed is now working as the manager of Progressive Homes Construction Company, a subsidiary of Cantwell Brothers Lumber. Linda does all the bookkeeping in her office in their home. They are busy people in work and church. Ed is the bishop of an L.D.S. singles' ward on the



The Edgar B. Tibbitts Family: left to right — Traci, Edgar B., Linda C. holding Susan, Kathy and Karen.

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U.S.U. campus and Linda is a Stake Primary leader.

They currently reside at 250 E. 200 South, Hyde Park, Utah 84318.

*Children:*

- A4541** Kathy Tibbitts  
Born 1 Nov 1965
- A4542** Traci Tibbitts  
Born 26 Mar 1969
- A4543** Karen Tibbitts  
Born 12 Dec 1974
- A4544** Susan Tibbitts  
Born 8 Mar 1979

## **A46 Leone Cantwell Chambers**

I was born March 17, 1907 at Smithfield, Utah, the daughter of William Hamer Cantwell and Eliza Jane Mouritsen.

I have lived in Smithfield all my life. I went to school here and had many wonderful friends as I grew up. I even married a Smithfield boy — Seth Jay Chambers. Seth was the son of Alfred Bence Chambers and Mary Ann Fishburn. His father was a school teacher. Seth was born only five days before me on March 12, 1907 at Smithfield. The day of our wedding our parents and other members of his family took us to the Logan Temple early in the morning, December 21, 1927. It was the coldest morning I have ever remembered in my life! I received my endowments that morning. President Shephard of the temple married us. He was such a wonderful person and he gave us such a beautiful ceremony. I can still shut my eyes and see and hear him. We had our wedding breakfast



**Leone C. and Seth J. Chambers.**

in the Bluebird Cafe. I couldn't eat one thing. At first it looked like it wouldn't cost Seth much to feed me, but after a few days I really did eat hearty.

Seth's brother was on a mission, and Seth was milking his cows to send money to him. He was milking his mother's cows to support her, and, yes, he was milking his own cows to support himself and now it would be to support us. However, he was allowed to have one night off for our honeymoon. We decided to stay in the Eccles Hotel that first night. Seth was up walking the floor most of the first night. I asked him what was wrong, and he said that he didn't want anyone to say he went to bed early the first night. I said, "Seth, you might just as well come to bed; nobody knows you are up!"

We were blessed with three choice spirits in our home. My pregnancies were always difficult for me, but each one was worth the sacrifice. All the time I was carrying my last baby (Brian), my mother was dying of cancer. She said to me, "Leone, I know how ill you are when you have your babies, and I wouldn't have had this happen for anything." Bless her! In other words, she was apologizing for dying. I loved her so much and was so close to her. I'm so thrilled she was able to see my baby before she died.

It has been my lot in life to care for the sick and dying. I could never understand why a person like me who couldn't stand to see anyone ill — let alone her loved ones — could be called to do such as this. I can tell you I spent a great deal of my time on my knees crying and praying for help in our little closet where no one knew. I could get up, dry my eyes, powder, and rough on some lipstick, and it never showed one minute after. This was good because as soon as they would call me I could soon be on the job smiling and ready to go again.

After my mother died Dad wanted me and my family to come live with him. We agreed to do this, and so I took care of my father during his last years. Dad's care took a great deal of my time as I would often have to bathe him three or four times a day. I also took him out in the car every day. He loved to go; in fact, I have said many times that I think he'd still be here if I hadn't stopped to get gas. I even took my father to Relief Society with me. He had suffered so many strokes that he wasn't self-conscious of being the only man there. Everyone was always so nice to him. There are



**The Seth J. Chambers Family: left to right, front row — Rebecca Lyn Funk, C. Dennis Funk holding Kristine, Rebecca C. Funk holding Lisa Marie, Leone C., S. Brian Chambers holding Jill and Jacqueline A. Chambers holding Ann; second row — Kent Jay Funk, Craig Chambers Funk, Marianne Funk, Robert J. Chambers, Helen H. Chambers, Katherine Chambers and Robert Brian Funk; top row — David Hyer Chambers, Randy Dennis Funk, James Robert Chambers and Kevin Charles Funk.**

some good people in this world, and you can't believe how many. Sometimes our home environment wasn't the best as the house smelled badly from Dad's illness, even though I cleaned and cleaned continually. But it wasn't all bad having him there. As he would have said, "Things turn out the best for those who make the best of the way things turn out." Dad was always telling us something funny even when he was really ill. He was really a good and humorous person. He was a real morale builder — in other words, a second Will Rogers.

Music has always been a part of my life. I have always sung with the Relief Society chorus. Today I am still singing with them as well as the ward choir. I had the opportunity of piano lessons when I was eleven. Very few people played the piano in those days, so I had a great opportunity. I am also blessed with the ability to play by ear; in other words, I could play anything once I had heard the melody. So whenever they needed an accompaniment and didn't have music, they called on me to play it. I was also blessed to be able to sing with Mary Fulkerson Pitcher, Blanche Cantwell Bingham, and Tory Raymond Gossner.

Our quartet started singing at night on old Clark corner. The Clarks were elderly folks. After we had been singing there for a year or two I wondered if we were annoying them, so I knocked on their door and asked. They asked us to keep singing; they loved it. After that we sang all over the valley. We ended up the last years dressing up and doing funny songs. You can imagine at how many ward reunions we sang.

I also had the privilege of singing duets with my daughter Rebecca. Her voice was trained and so sweet. They called us to sing at many funerals. This was good for Rebecca because she was lonely waiting for Dennis who was in the mission field.

I sang with a trio for at least fifty years. We sang at every funeral in our ward. The soprano changed at times, but Mary Fulkerson Pitcher sang the second and I sang alto. Later as my voice became higher, I sang the second part.

Blanche Gunnell, who was our Stake M.I.A. President, called me to be a Stake Music Director. I went to Newton, Clarkston, Amalga, and the four wards in Smithfield. I had many marvelous experiences. A highlight of that assignment was the opportunity I had to direct my own stake chorus in a regional music festival at the Logan Tabernacle. We each directed a chorus of about five hundred in a song of our choice. I chose "Carry On" and I used trumpets for the entire chorus. I really worked and prayed about it. I wanted Seth to come, but since it was milking time he said he couldn't come. Just as it was my turn I looked in the audience and there was Seth, sitting close to the front. I was so thrilled that he was there. Heavenly Father really blessed me that I was able to do it.

In the days when Seth coached basketball he was gone every night. He lived it, breathed it, and slept with it when he finally did come home. Seth had winning teams. I had a calling as Sunday School secretary, and I gave lessons in Relief Society. It was very good for me to be studying these wonderful lessons then. I wasn't so lonely, and I was learning rich, wonderful material about our church.

Seth spent the last eleven years of his life on the high council. He became the senior member. On those Sundays when it was his turn to speak he cautioned me that I was not to have a music practice nor do anything else; for the first time in our married life he kept me with him every minute. You see, he had me help him prepare his



speeches. I told him it was important to have a sense of humor and to make people laugh on occasion. You can add something funny about any subject. Seth objected that his subject for this month was the Priesthood, and how could he tell anything funny about that; I showed him how he could do it. Seth was considered the best speaker in the high council; he was loved and respected by every ward.

I had always wanted to travel but had few chances to do so. Seth always told me, "We can't go; we don't have a car and we don't have any money." But he promised me that if I wouldn't bother him about taking any trips he would take me on our Golden Wedding to the Hawaiian Islands. Well, by the time it was here Seth had been up with Heavenly Father for eleven years. I have always thought, "I'll bet it was easier for him to die than take me to Hawaii." But my children came to my rescue. When Bob was in the Air Force, I visited them on every air base, including Germany. Seth could have gone too, but at the last minute backed out, saying he was afraid to get into the airplane. He was sure I wouldn't go, but I did and have been grateful ever since. We toured England and Europe in Bob's little car. He had saved all his leave time. We had a wonderful time. I visited thirteen countries and attended sessions in the London and Swiss Temples.

Later I did get to Hawaii. My daughter Rebecca and I went together; it was a glorious trip. In 1978 we also went on a Church history tour. As part of that trip we were able to go to the Washington, D.C. Temple.

I have had the privilege of working in the Logan Temple. I worked for eighteen years in the old Logan Temple as a receptionist for President and Sister George Raymond. I still work there as a receptionist.

I still live in my parents' home at 66 South 100 East, Smithfield, Utah 84335, though Seth and I completely remodeled it. I have been blessed with a wonderful family and in-laws. I love all their folks and we get along beautifully together. No one ever had a more wonderful mother than I had, nor a more loving father. I have had so many faith-promoting experiences. I testify to you that I have been blessed with the spirit of our Heavenly Father, plus the Holy Ghost to comfort me, and, yes, to protect me. There are hardly words to describe it. My testimony of the gospel has kept growing stronger. I try hard to do what's right;

and if I do, there is no question in my mind but the help I need will be there.

#### *Children:*

- \*A461 Rebecca Jean Chambers  
Born 4 Dec 1928
- \*A462 Robert Jay Chambers  
Born 22 Feb 1933
- \*A463 Seth Brian Chambers  
Born 17 May 1940

### **A461 Rebecca Jean Chambers Funk**

I was born December 4, 1928 to Seth Jay Chambers and Leone Cantwell in our home in Smithfield, Utah. I am the oldest of three children.

During my early childhood we lived in a small home just south of where the present elementary school stands on 1st West and Center Street. Many of our nearby neighbors were also my close relatives on my father's side, so they were my first friends.

I attended Summit Elementary School. When I was in the first grade I developed pneumonia. There was no penicillin at that time so I was out of school from December until the school year was over. Luckily I was able to go on to second grade the following year.

Our next home was what we called the "old lot." Our house was deep in the lot about one and a half blocks west of Main Street on 1st South. We had a large front yard and I enjoyed playing football and other games with the boys in the neighborhood. I always liked sports as a child.



**The C. Dennis Funk Family: left to right, front — Lisa Marie, C. Dennis, Rebecca C., Rebecca Lyn, Kristine; back — Robert Brian, Kevin Charles, Marianne, Randy Dennis, Craig Chambers and Kent Jay.**

When I was twelve years old Grandma Eliza Cantwell died with bowel cancer. Grandpa Cantwell didn't want to be alone or leave his home so we moved into his home. Mother still lives in the home, but it has been remodeled and changed since that time.

I attended Smithfield Junior High. Following junior high I attended North Cache High School. I had many choice friends and was involved in a variety of activities, including secretary of the studentbody my senior year. Shorthand was one of my favorite classes. I graduated from high school as an honor student and from seminary in May 1947, which was the centennial of the Church. We had a special seminary graduation, and I participated on the program.

I began Utah State University in the fall of 1947 and was a member of Kappa Delta Sorority. After a year of college I decided I didn't want to major in business so I changed to child development and elementary education. Years later with a family of nine children, I realized it was inspiration to make the change.

In June 1951 I graduated from U.S.U. and the Institute. I was dating Charles Dennis Funk who had returned from a mission to the Central States in July; we were married August 20, 1951 in the Logan Temple. Dennis was born August 12, 1929 in Logan; he is the son of Walter Angus Funk and Sarah Loila Reese. Our first home was an apartment across the street east of the Logan Temple. I taught third grade at the Adams School and Dennis attended U.S.U.

Randy was born in Logan in August 1952. He was quite small, but grew fast and was a beautiful baby. I gave up my teaching career after one year.

Dennis graduated from U.S.U. in June of 1953 and began work as an assistant county agent in Salt Lake County. We lived in Murray for about twenty-one months, during which time Marianne was born in the Salt Lake L.D.S. Hospital. She had a navel infection at two weeks and if it hadn't been for modern drugs we might have lost her.

We moved to Manti in February 1955 where Dennis served as Sanpete County Agent. It was while living there that Kevin was born in the Mount Pleasant Hospital twenty miles away. We later bought a home one and a half blocks west of the courthouse where we lived until we moved from Manti in September of 1964. Craig Chambers and Kent Jay were also born in the Mount Pleasant Hospital.

While we were in Manti I worked in the Primary and Mutual. I sang with a double trio that furnished music at stake conferences, funerals, literary club, and many other occasions. I taught 4-H and kept busy in the community and also kept up with a busy husband. Dennis served in the stake mutual presidency, on the high council, and as bishop of the Manti North Ward when we moved. We really felt a part of Manti, and it was difficult for us to leave for graduate school in the fall of 1964.

We spent three and one-half years in Madison, Wisconsin while Dennis completed a master's degree in dairy science and a Ph.D. in extension administration. Bobby was born only five weeks after we arrived.

While in Wisconsin I worked in the Relief Society and Primary. Dennis served in the stake Sunday School and in the bishopric of the Madison Second Ward. We felt it was a good experience for our children to be in the minority. I think it has helped them to be more understanding with others in our own area who are different than we are.

We returned to Utah in February 1968. Becky was born just six weeks after we arrived from Wisconsin. Bobby, Kent, and Craig had the mumps a week after we arrived, and Kevin had his appendix out about a month after. There was a lot of excitement, and we hadn't found a home and were still living with Mother.

By May we found and bought the home in which we now live. Kristine and Lisa Marie were both born in the Logan Hospital.

Since returning to Cache Valley I have served in the Primary and Relief Society, and am at present the Relief Society president of the Smithfield Sixth Ward. I have also worked in 4-H and P.T.A., Extension Women, and Faculty Women.

Dennis is the associate dean of the College of Agriculture at U.S.U. He has served in the bishopric and on the high council in the U.S.U. Stake, and also in the Smithfield Stake presidency. At present he is executive secretary to our Regional Representative, Valdo Benson. We currently reside at 80 North 380 East, Smithfield, Utah 84335.

#### *Children:*

\*A4611

Randy Dennis Funk  
Born 1 Aug 1952

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- \*A4612 Marianne Funk  
Born 24 Apr 1954
- \*A4613 Kevin Charles Funk  
Born 19 Aug 1956
- \*A4614 Craig Chambers Funk  
Born 27 Feb 1960
- A4615 Kent Jay Funk  
Born 27 Mar 1962
- A4616 Robert Brian Funk  
Born 11 Oct 1964
- A4617 Rebecca Lyn Funk  
Born 28 Mar 1968
- A4618 Kristine Funk  
Born 15 Jan 1970
- A4619 Lisa Marie Funk  
Born 18 Jul 1972



The Randy D. Funk Family: left to right — Stephanie, Brian Randy, Andrea C. and Randy D.

### A4611 Randy Dennis Funk

I was born on August 1, 1952 at Logan, Utah as the first of nine children born to Charles Dennis Funk and Rebecca Jean Chambers. A year later, when Dad graduated and accepted employment with the Utah State University Extension Services, we moved to Murray, Utah. I'm told we lived there nearly two years. When I was about three years old we moved to Manti, Utah.

My first memories in life are of events that took place in Manti near the time of my fourth birthday — my birthday party, Kevin's birth, and Dad bringing home a 1956 Dodge.

We moved to a new house on the north side of Manti in approximately January 1957. I thought we had moved to an entirely different town until I started kindergarten and saw some of my old friends. We lived in Manti until I finished elementary school. I had many close friends and enjoyed playing baseball, hiking in the foothills, and exploring the caves behind the temple that the pioneers had dug for shelter. I learned about work by helping Dad in the yard and the garden. He emphasized being dependable and thorough. Dad was the bishop of the Manti North Ward and interviewed and ordained me to be a deacon. He has since ordained me to every other office I have held in the priesthood.

Shortly after my twelfth birthday we moved to Madison, Wisconsin where Dad obtained a master's and Ph.D. degree. Leaving my friends in Manti was very painful for me, and it has been difficult for me to allow myself to develop close friendships since then. There were six children

by this time and the family financial situation was tight, but I don't remember our experience in Madison being one of hardship.

So that I could earn some money and start high school at Sky View High, I came back to Utah to work for my uncle, Robert Chambers, who had left the Air Force to return to the farm just prior to Grandpa Chamber's death on Thanksgiving Day 1966. Soon after I arrived it was determined that I had a heart murmur and possibly rheumatic fever. From July until December my activity was very restricted. When school started I moved from Grandma Chambers's home in Smithfield to live with my other grandparents, Angus and Sarah Funk, in Benson so I could ride the bus to school. Because I was not allowed to participate in sports or even march with the marching band, I had difficulty getting involved in a new school. My family stayed in Wisconsin until February, and I was lonesome for them. That experience was a very significant one in my life. I think I learned to be more compassionate to those who have problems and to befriend the friendless. The chance to live with my grandparents during that time was a special opportunity to learn to know and love them more.

My illness was also a turning point of sorts. Prior to that year I had a desire to excel in sports — to read my name in the papers. The spare time I had due to my inactivity while I was ill gave me ample opportunity to think about what I wanted to do with my life. Realizing I was not going to be a great high school athlete, I sought to do well in my classes. I joined the debate team and the Key Club, and, to make certain my name was printed in the school paper (even if only in the staff box), I

joined the newspaper staff. During my senior year I enjoyed success in these endeavors and graduated with honors and a scholarship to Utah State University.

After a year at U.S.U. I was called to serve in the Southeast Asian Mission in the country of Indonesia. Missionary work in Indonesia had begun only twenty-two months before I arrived. We received no language training since very few materials had been translated into the Indonesian language, and there were only eighty-five members. I served in Jakarta, Bandung, and Semarang.

After my mission I continued my education at Utah State University, majoring in history. Like all true natives of Smithfield, I worked a summer for Del Monte Corporation. I was an intern for Congressman Gunn McKay in Washington, D.C. during the summer of 1975.

In the spring of 1975, my junior year at U.S.U., I was a candidate for the studentbody office of Academic Vice President. My campaign manager was dating a girl named Andrea Clyde of Logan. He convinced Andrea that I was worthy of her campaign efforts. After some delays we started dating regularly, mainly attending free activities at the University. In March we were engaged, and on May 29, 1976 we were married in the Logan Temple. Andrea was born September 29, 1955 in Salt Lake City, Utah; she is the daughter of Calvin Geary Clyde and Brigitta Emmy Maria Straumer.

After a weekend honeymoon to the Sweetwater Resort at Bear Lake, we returned to Logan. I graduated one week after our wedding. That last year of college was an exciting one. I received several awards for my school activities, including a Robins Award and the University Citizenship Award, but the greatest prize was Andrea.

In August 1976, we moved to Salt Lake City when I started law school at the University of Utah. Our first year of marriage and law school was a rough one. Andrea worked full-time, went to school part-time, and in October became pregnant with Stephanie. She had very little emotion reserves; I had none. After surviving that year life improved significantly. Andrea became a full-time mother and homemaker. I was invited to join the Utah Law Review, thus insuring a more hopeful employment situation. During the last two years of law school I still had to spend six days a week studying, and most of Sunday I was involved with the elders' quorum presidency for

our ward. We had to live on very limited savings and income. But nonetheless, those were happy years as a family.

I graduated from law school in May 1979 and associated with the law firm of Gorsuch, Kirgis, Campbell, Walker, and Grover in Denver, Colorado. In early June I had just driven to Denver and helped the movers unload when Andrea called saying she was in labor. I caught the next plane to Salt Lake City and arrived in the delivery room eight minutes before Brian was born.

I have enjoyed my practice, working primarily in the areas of municipal and real estate law and litigation. I have continued to serve in elders' quorum presidencies. My family has been healthy and very blessed. We currently reside at 2810 South Memphis Street, Aurora, Colorado 80013.

#### *Children:*

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|---------------|-------------------------------------|
| <b>A46111</b> | Stephanie Funk<br>Born 22 Jun 1977  |
| <b>A46112</b> | Brian Randy Funk<br>Born 4 Jun 1979 |

### **A4612 Marianne Funk Buttars**

I was born on April 24, 1954 in Salt Lake City, Utah to Charles Dennis Funk and Rebecca Jean



**The Darrell J. Buttars Family: clockwise from the top — Tiffany Nichol, Darrell J., Mandi Lyn, Brandon Darrell, and Marianne F.**

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Chambers. When I was about ten months old my dad got a job as Sanpete County Extension Agent, so we moved to Manti, Utah. We lived there until I was ten years old. My mother had three more children while we lived in Manti — all boys. I still have close friends from Manti whom I occasionally see. I hated to move. I probably gave my parents a harder time moving than any of my brothers. There will always be a warm spot in my heart for that little town and its people.

We then moved to Madison, Wisconsin while Dad went to graduate school. Mom was expecting another baby about six weeks after we arrived. It turned out to be another boy. We lived in Madison about three and one-half years, and Dad got both his master's and doctorate degrees.

On Thanksgiving morning, just three months before we were to move to Smithfield, Grandpa Chambers died of a brain tumor. The doctors had discovered it that previous summer while we were at Grandma's on vacation. The thing I remember most about Grandpa was him sitting in his big green reclining chair and asking us grandchildren for a kiss, and then always giving us a piece of gum in return.

In February 1968 we moved to Smithfield, Utah. Mom was expecting another baby in six weeks. It turned out to be a girl. Finally I had a sister. After five boys I had just about given up. We lived with Grandma Chambers for a couple of months until we found a home. We moved into our home in May. I really liked our ward. There were a lot of girls my age.

I got braces on my teeth at the end of my ninth grade year — April 1st to be exact. I was supposed to have them on for two years, but I got them off exactly one year later — some April Fools. About the time I got my braces off I got contact lenses. Wow, what a change! The boys actually started to look at me. I graduated from Sky View High School.

I went to Utah State University on and off for two years, but did more socializing than studying. Dad used to tease me about majoring in socializing. I never was the scholar the rest of the family seemed to be, but I surely had fun. I really enjoyed people. I was the mother of my branch family in the University Branch I was in my freshman year. I lived with my best friend Valerie Clark and two other girls who had gone to Sky View.

I moved home that summer. Mom had two

more babies by this time, both girls, so I had to share my bedroom with a four-year-old who loved to kick in her sleep. I tolerated it until the end of December, when I moved to another apartment. That is when I met Darrell Buttars, my soon-to-be husband. He managed the six-plex I lived in and he lived above me. We went on our first date about a week after I moved in. I was writing to a missionary at the time and was not looking for anyone to get serious with. Darrell and I dated casually for about four months, and then it got to be on a steady basis. He had a fun personality and was really a lot of fun to be around. He never got upset with anyone or anything, which really stood out as one of his good traits. We married on October 23, 1974. Darrell was born July 4, 1951 in Logan, Utah; he is the son of Vincent Buttars and Della Palmer. We were sealed in the Logan Temple on our one-year anniversary. In May 1975 we were blessed with our first child, a beautiful baby girl whom we named Tiffany Nichol. She made our day at the temple that October the most special day of my life. Two years later we were blessed with another baby girl. — Mandi Lyn. She's got the all-time winning smile. Then in March 1979 Darrell got his much wanted son (not that he didn't love his girls). We named him Brandon Darrell. Motherhood is a wonderful, yet trying experience.

My parents have always set a good example for us children, and we've always been their top priority. I love them and appreciate all they have taught and done for me. I hope someday my children will have that same love and respect for Darrell and me. Then my life will really be fulfilled.

Currently Darrell is selling farm equipment for TISCO. We live at 145 S. 455 East, Smithfield, Utah 84335.

#### *Children:*

A46121	Tiffany Nichol Buttars Born 17 May 1975
A46122	Mandi Lyn Buttars Born 2 Jul 1977
A46123	Brandon Darrell Buttars Born 2 Mar 1979
A46124	Ashley Brooke Buttars Born 5 May 1981

## A4613 Kevin Charles Funk

I was born August 19, 1956, the third child of Charles Dennis Funk and Rebecca Jean Chambers. My family consists of my parents, five sons, and four daughters. I'm thankful (admittedly at some times more than at others) to be a part of a large family.

The first eight years of my life were spent in Manti, Utah. My best friend was Rex Goodwin. We had plans to grow up, be bachelors, and raise dogs; so far I'm zero for three. I still, however, do plan to grow up.

It was tough to leave Manti and move to Madison, Wisconsin for my dad to attend graduate school. We moved nearly on my eighth birthday, and I was baptized in the "mission field" with a convert. I assumed I must have been a convert myself.

The hardest adjustment in Wisconsin, for me, was the playground at Lowell Elementary. It was small, surrounded by a ten-foot chain-link fence and solid blacktop. Not a blade of grass could be found on the place. The clincher, however, was the rule prohibiting running except during one's p.e. period. Some playground! There was only one other Mormon my age at school, Bobby Hughes. Never once was I ridiculed for being a member of the Church.

We moved to Smithfield, Utah in March of my sixth grade year in school (1968). On my first Friday at Summit Elementary they held a dance. Talk about culture-shock! We'd never done any-

thing like this in Wisconsin. Needless to say, I wasn't too excited about my new school.

I attended North Cache Junior High and Sky View High School. During our junior high school years, several of the boys in the neighborhood formed the now defunct S.R.B.A. (Smithfield Rabbit Breeding Association). We kept most of our rabbits in the center of the block just south of Mack Park. Each day on our way to and from the bus stop, we'd stop there to take care of our business. In ninth grade I took up snow skiing. It still ranks as my favorite pastime.

I graduated with honors from Sky View in the spring of 1974 and entered Utah State University in the fall. I thoroughly enjoyed that first year of college, especially winter quarter, of which a good portion was spent at Beaver Mountain. Four of us bought season ski passes and rented a locker at Beaver to keep our skis in. When classes were over for the day all we had to do was jump in a car and go. It seems the older one gets, the less time one has for such goofing off.

After a year of college I was called on a mission to Finland for the Church. I gladly accepted the call and entered the mission home on September 6, 1975. I was especially excited about serving in a foreign country. I had always hoped to go to a place that spoke a different language.

Perhaps my greatest source of inspiration during my mission was my patriarchal blessing. It seemed to emphasize to me the importance and power of faithful prayer and the anxiousness with which my Father in Heaven waited to answer. I feel my mission has served as a solid foundation on which to build my future life.

After returning from Finland in September 1977 I reentered U.S.U. and continued my studies in pre-medical biology.

In early 1978 I began dating Maree Meyer. We were from the same ward and had known each other quite well ever since our fun times in M.I.A. With the Church's new consolidated meeting schedule, M.I.A. or Mutual (of one of its other many names) no longer exists. Anyway, we were old friends, and we had even dated a couple of times in high school before I lost out to the competition. We were engaged in August and married December 15, 1978. Maree was born July 26, 1957 at Logan, Utah; she is the daughter of Melvin Ralph Meyer and Madge Marie Merrill. Maree graduated from U.S.U. in June 1979 and



Maree M. and Kevin C. Funk.

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taught fifth grade at Lincoln Elementary in Hyrum for the 1979-80 school year.

I graduated from U.S.U. in June 1980 as the College of Science valedictorian. I was also recipient of the Robins Scholar of the Year for the entire university. I feel very blessed in my schooling efforts.

Maree and I moved to Salt Lake City in June 1980. Maree is teaching fifth grade in Murray, and I am attending medical school at the University of Utah. Currently we live at 2428 E. 3080 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109.

*Children:*

**A46131** Ryan Kevin Funk  
Born 30 Jan 1981

**A4614 Craig Chambers Funk**

I am the fourth child and third son born to Charles Dennis Funk and Rebecca Jean Chambers. I was born February 27, 1960 in the metropolis of Mount Pleasant, Utah, which is twenty miles north of Manti.

I spent the first four years of my life as the assistant county agent in Sanpete County serving under my father. I spent a lot of time accompanying my dad at his work. My closest friend was Johnny Jensen. Nobody could understand us when we talked; either they spoke wrong or we did, but we understood each other.

In the fall of 1964 our family moved to Madison, Wisconsin. We were there for three and one-half years while my dad earned advanced degrees. I started kindergarten the following year. I don't remember too much about living in Wisconsin.



**Craig C. Funk.**

sin. My parents tell me that when I was in the first grade I came home one day and asked, "Guess who is the second best writer in my class?" My dad answered, "You are." I said, "No, my teacher. I'm the best." When my parents went to parent-teacher conference later, the teacher told them that was right. My writing has been downhill ever since.

In February 1968 we moved back to Utah. I attended school one day at Summit Elementary, and then spent the next two weeks with the mumps.

At North Cache Junior High I realized I was fast enough and good enough, but not tall enough to play basketball, and decided I had better study and do well in the classroom and forget competitive sports. The next six years I played city and church basketball and softball. Our teams won more games than they lost.

While contemplating my schedule for my senior year at Skyview High School, and realizing calculus, chemistry, and physics were not my bag, I took an aptitude test which pointed me in the direction of accounting. I had liked numbers ever since I was a little boy. While driving to Wisconsin in 1964 at age four, I kept track of the odometer reading and the distance signs on the road, and I would tell my dad what the odometer would be on when we reached the next city. Therefore, my senior year was spent taking accounting and business classes instead of science, which was much more enjoyable for me. I also sang with the Skyview choir my senior year.

I attended Utah State University for two quarters, the fall of 1978 and the winter of 1979, before leaving for a mission to Korea, the land of the "Frozen Chosen." I served in the Seoul Mission for one week, and then became a part of the newly created Seoul West Mission. The last year of my mission I served under a native mission president. I served as financial secretary for nine months and as assistant to the president for five months. For the two months in between, I opened a new branch and served as branch president and zone leader. I returned from my mission in April 1981.

I am now attending Utah State University with a major in accounting, and am serving on the business council. In October I was called to serve as executive secretary in the newly created singles' ward in Smithfield Stake. My mother's cousin, Lee Greene Cantwell, is serving as bishop

of this ward. I am currently living at home at 80 N. 380 East, Smithfield, Utah 84335.

## A462 Robert Jay Chambers

I was born on February 22, 1933 in Smithfield, Utah. My parents are Seth Jay Chambers and Leone Cantwell.

I was born in a small frame house which was located just south of the Smithfield Junior High School building. This house has since been moved to 1st North in Smithfield, and the site of my birth is now owned by the Cache County School District and is part of the playing fields of the school. My favorite childhood pastime was playing with a farm set which had buildings, animals, tractors, etc., and I loved to be with my father on the farm. This is probably why I have always enjoyed farming and chose to do it for my occupation. I attended elementary and junior high schools in Smithfield.

I participated in athletics and was the studentbody president in junior high. I graduated from North Cache High School in Richmond, Utah in 1951, where I also participated in athletics and was the studentbody president. I then attended Utah State University and graduated from there in 1955.

Upon graduation I was called to active duty in the U.S. Air Force, having received an Air Force Officer Commission through R.O.T.C. (Reserve Officers Training Corps) at Utah State. I married Helen May Hyer, my high school sweetheart, while in college. Helen was born February 26, 1935; she is the daughter of Dovie Dale Hyer and Helen Maurice Chandler.

My first military assignment was in San Antonio, Texas where I spent a few weeks and was then assigned to Cheyenne, Wyoming. My subsequent assignments were to Albany, Georgia; Amarillo, Texas; Kaiserslautern, Germany; Montgomery, Alabama; and Fairborn, Ohio. I served on active duty from August 1955 to October 1966, at which time I resigned my commission and returned to operate the family farm since my father had a terminal illness. He died in November 1966, about six weeks after I returned. I have remained in the Air Force Reserve and hold the rank of Lt. col. and have been affiliated with the military for twenty-five years. I



**The Robert J. Chambers Family:** left to right, front — Jill Lindbloom, Helen H., Robert J. holding Julie Lindbloom; back — Katherine C. Lindbloom, Jan A. Lindbloom, James R. Chambers and Carol S. Chambers.

am proud of my association with the military and feel a great concern and need for a strong national defense. My family and I had choice experiences during the time I was on active duty. We had many opportunities to serve our country and church.

Since our return to Smithfield in 1966 I have operated the family dairy farm which I enjoy very much. I have also participated in local government, having been a Smithfield City councilman and a Cache County commissioner. I have also enjoyed my church service, having served in bishopric and high council assignments most of the time. I am presently serving as a high councilman in the Logan Utah University Second Stake. On January 1, 1982 I was sworn in as the Mayor of Smithfield.

I am proud of my heritage and appreciate my ancestors and the opportunities that I have because of my citizenship. My family, country, and church are my greatest blessings. We currently reside at 331 East 50 North, Smithfield, Utah 84335.

### *Children:*

- \*A4621 Katherine Chambers  
Born 21 Jan 1955
- \*A4622 James Robert Chambers  
Born 24 Apr 1958
- \*A4623 David Hyer Chambers  
Born 19 Sep 1960

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## A4621 Katherine Chambers Lindbloom

I was born January 21, 1955 in Logan, Utah to Robert Jay Chambers and Helen May Hyer.

My early years were spent traveling with my parents and two brothers to such illustrious places as Germany, Ohio, Alabama, Texas, and Georgia. I remember moving around as an exciting experience and never recall having a hard time adjusting to new surroundings and friends. My father had a career in the Air Force at that time.

I always enjoyed school, both academically and socially. I was always very shy until I got to high school, and it was there I had the most fun. I have a great fondness of the old Summit Elementary School in Smithfield — especially for the fine lunches they served. Their mashed potatoes were unmatched. In high school I participated in musicals, plays, the marching group, the Front Porch Majority, and in my spare time tried to remain on the honor roll in between fulfilling my fancy for some of the handsome boys at school.

I have always loved music as a recreational hobby and as a serious pursuit. I was fortunate to have parents who sought out the best teachers and encouraged my progress. I later went on to study music in college. All the effort paid off because I have been teaching piano for the past ten years. I have found since being married that the extra income made all the difference in making ends meet.

I have also enjoyed composing my own melodies and have written some educational songs for my children. I enjoyed singing as well, and studied voice with Stratford Loosli, at the same time studying piano with Irving Wassermann.

In college I majored in business education and music. It was during this time I was a member of the Sounds of Zion, a choral group from the Institute and toured Europe for six weeks. The purpose of the group was to expose people to our church and aid the missionaries in their referrals.

On July 17, 1975 I married Jan Alan Lindbloom in the Logan Temple. Jan was born May 7, 1952 at Saint Albans, New York; he is the son of Edwin Oscar Lindbloom, Sr. and Leah Mardean Saunders. Jan and I both tried to finish college after the wedding, but soon found out ends didn't meet. I then put him through, and he's promised to put me through when the time comes, as I

don't have too much longer to finish. After graduation in 1977 we bought the old A. W. Chambers home in Smithfield and tried to restore it to a lovely state after years of abuse from renters. It was at that time we tried our hand at business and learned a few lessons in life — not all of them pleasant.

We finally decided to move to Salt Lake City for a more secure job. Jan has never been one to let grass grow under his feet, and so hustled himself the job he wanted at the company he wanted. Jan is employed by Dixon Paper. Recently we had the opportunity to return to Cache Valley where Jan was given this area by Dixon Paper. We have three children who add the perfect touch to our happy home. Jan teaches the Gospel Doctrine class in the ward and I am serving as a counselor in the Primary presidency.

We live at 925 S. Main, Mendon, Utah 84325.

### Children:

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| A46211 | Jill Lindbloom<br>Born 6 Sep 1976      |
| A46212 | Julie Lindbloom<br>Born 26 Dec 1978    |
| A46213 | Jennifer Lindbloom<br>Born 10 Jan 1982 |

## A4622 James Robert Chambers

James Robert Chambers was born April 24, 1958 in Cheyenne, Wyoming to Robert Jay Chambers and Helen May Hyer.

When Jim was only a month old he traveled from Cheyenne, Wyoming, where his father was stationed in the Air Force, to Turner, Georgia while his father completed a temporary duty assignment there. In August of that same year he moved with his three-year-old sister Katherine and his parents to Amarillo, Texas. When he was only ten months old his father was assigned to Ramstein Air Force Base in Ramstein, Germany. He moved back to Smithfield, Utah to live with his grandparents while he, his sister, and mother waited to join Robert (Bob) in Germany. Jim lived in Landstuhl, Germany for the first few months after arriving there, and then moved into base housing, where he lived the next three and one-half years of his life.

In June of 1963 he moved with his family to Montgomery, Alabama. In the fall of 1964 he

started school at the Seth Johnson Elementary School in Montgomery. On May 7, 1977 Jim was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by his father, who was also the branch president of the Montgomery First Branch.

In June of 1966 Jim moved again with his family to Fairborn, Ohio where his father was assigned at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. He only lived there a few months when his Grandfather Chambers became gravely ill, and his father resigned his Air Force Commission and returned to his birthplace in Smithfield, Utah to take over the family farm. The family arrived there on October 14, 1966. Grandfather Chambers died the following month on Thanksgiving Day.

Jim attended elementary school at the Summit Elementary School in Smithfield and junior high at North Cache in Richmond, Utah. Jim attended Sky View High School in Smithfield where he was very active in sports. He played on the football team, ran track, and played tennis. He was also active in music and drama. He played lead parts in several plays, and played the part of Thomas Jefferson in the musical *1776*. He sang in the choir and with the Sky View Front Porch Majority singing group. He was the class president of his sophomore and senior classes. He attended Boys' State in June of 1975.

On September 5, 1976 Jim was ordained an elder and departed for his mission to Honolulu, Hawaii on May 12, 1977. After his mission he married Carol Smart of Riverheights, Utah on July 26, 1979 in the Logan L.D.S. Temple. Carol was born January 8, 1958 at Gunnison, Utah; she is the daughter of Ross Abel Smart and Darlene Wallentine.

Currently Jim is completing his studies for a master's degree in public administration and Business at Utah State University. Carol is a registered nurse at the Logan Hospital. They live at 530 West 725 North, Logan, Utah 84321.

#### *Children:*

**A46221** Braden James Chambers  
Born 16 Sep 1981

### **A4623 David Hyer Chambers**

David Hyer Chambers was born on September 19, 1960 in Landstuhl, Rhineland-Pfalz, West Germany to Robert Jay Chambers and Helen May Hyer. He was born in a U.S. Army hospital as his father was serving in the Air Force there. David spent the first three years of his life in Germany.

He was a happy and friendly little boy. These are traits that he has had throughout his life. He then lived in Montgomery, Alabama for three years, and Fairborn, Ohio for two months. His father resigned from the U.S. Air Force in October 1966, and David has lived in Smithfield, Utah since that time, except for two years he served a mission.

David attended public schools in Smithfield and Richmond, Utah, and graduated from Sky View High School in Smithfield in May of 1978. He attended Utah State University for one year, and then served as an L.D.S. missionary in the Florida, Tallahassee Mission from September 1979 to September 1981.

David has always had a warm and friendly personality, and he enjoys people of all ages. He served in student government positions in high school, participated in athletics, dramas, and the school musicals. He enjoys music, drama, and sports. He adjusts well to new and different situations. He plans to make business his career.

David is presently living at home and attending



**David H. Chambers**

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Utah State University, where he is a sophomore majoring in business administration.

### A463 Seth Brian Chambers

Seth Brian Chambers was born May 17, 1940 at Smithfield, Utah at a home west of town called "Old Lot" because it was first owned by his great-grandfather Chambers. He is the son of Seth Jay Chambers and Leone Cantwell.

Brian was the happiest baby, constantly smiling. When he was still a young baby the family moved to his Grandfather Cantwell's house at 66 South 100 East in Smithfield. Here he grew up.

Brian attended Cache Valley schools and started college in Logan. In 1961 he was called to serve a mission in Virginia and North Carolina where he labored hard and had many baptisms.

After his mission Brian continued his college studies at U.S.U. He was elected president of the Pi Kappa fraternity. Brian met Jacqueline Alston at college; she was a senior majoring in child development. Jackie was born March 9, 1945 at the Muroc Army-Air Base in California; she is the daughter of Quentin Lester Rohlfing Alston and Cora Boman. Despite the death of Brian's father three weeks before their wedding, they were married December 21, 1966 in the Logan Temple. Incidentally, this was also his parents' wedding date.

Brian had already begun a career in education and was teaching at Sky View High School at the time of his marriage. He continued his association with Sky View. In 1975 Brian was recognized

and selected as an Outstanding Secondary Educator of America. Currently Brian is the vice principal of Sky View High School, and does a lot of counseling with students having special problems. He is serving in the bishopric of the North Logan Ward.

Brian and Jackie have been blessed with five children. They reside at 654 East 2160 North, Logan, Utah 84321.

#### *Children:*

A4631	Jill Chambers Born 23 Oct 1968
A4632	Ann Chambers Born 6 Nov 1970
A4633	Robert Brian Chambers Born 19 Jun 1976
A4634	John Alston Chambers Born 25 Apr 1978
A4635	Maria Chambers Born 27 Sep 1979

### A48 Dean Pratt Cantwell

I was born in Smithfield, Utah on January 20, 1912 on a Saturday in my parents' home. I was the eighth child of William Hamer Cantwell and Eliza Jane Mouritsen.

I have blue eyes, brown hair, and average complexion. I was blessed and christened on Sunday, April 7, 1912 by my father. I was baptized on Tuesday, January 22, 1920 in the Logan Temple



The S. Brian Chambers Family: clockwise from the left — S. Brian, Ann, Jill, Jacqueline A., Robert Brian, Maria and John Alston.



Dean P. Cantwell.

by Peter Hansen, and confirmed the same day by William Noble.

I was happy as a child. My father's family was an average family financially. We had all the necessities of life, although we had hard times part of the time. I lived my childhood in Smithfield. We lived on 1st East and 1st South; within a two-block area were all my cousins and early friends. We were like a big family. We would make bonfires over behind Ed Gossner's home, which was all vacant then. We would throw potatoes in the fire, and they would taste so good. Also we would play marble games or Kick-The-Can or Run-Sheep-Run. We would make a circle and spin tops in the circle. Granddad Cantwell lived in the house just north of Slim Johnson. My aunts and uncles would gather there often and tell all kinds of stories about the early days of Smithfield. My Uncle Steve Cantwell was a cow buyer and he was away from home a lot. When he was around we would hear all about Idaho and California and his buying trips. There was a building down where the Texaco gas station is now that was called the Union Hall. This was a showhouse, two cafes, a candy kitchen, pool tables, and a dance hall — almost everything to enjoy. There were many Indian shows — always the whites fighting and killing the Indians. In other words, we mostly made our own fun in those days. They were choice experiences.

When I was a young boy, the banker impressed me with the thought that whenever I signed my name to always use my initial. I have found in later years how important it is to follow these instructions. At school it seemed that everyone tried to tease each other with names. As we would play games they started to ask me what the "P" meant in my name, so I told them it was for Pratt. They laughed at me and said what a funny name it was. It would make me so mad I could not stand it; I would cry and want to fight. One day after school I went home and asked my dad why he gave me such a name. His reply was, "If you knew the man you were named after, you would be the proudest boy in school because he was my mission president, and a better, more humble man never lived." This changed my whole attitude. After finding out the impression President Nephi Pratt made on my father's life, I have been most proud. When the school kids tried to tease me after that, I would explain how great a name I will carry forever. It turned the whole thing around.

We were one of the few families who had a car. My father let us all drive it more than he should have. I knew all of my father's and mother's family that grew to be adults. My father's family all lived close by, as I wrote earlier. My mother's folks would always call by and visit us as they would come through Smithfield. They lived up in the Bear Lake, Idaho area near Bennington and Montpelier. In the early years we would go over to Bear Lake in a wagon. It would take two days each way. We would visit about two weeks and then come back and catch up on the farm work. We always had cows to milk. We raised beets, peas, potatoes, alfalfa, and grain on irrigated land.

When I was old enough to go to high school I went to North Cache, which is at Richmond. Our mode of travel was the old urban railroad train. I would have to get up in the morning and no matter what the weather was, I would have to milk the cows before I went to school. The railroad station was where the First Security Bank is now. The train would leave at 7:30 A.M., and we would get home about 4:00 P.M. each day. We would buy a book of tickets for so many days. The conductor would walk through the train and collect these tickets. We would sing and tell stories to and from school.

Then, of course, we had a football team, the "Bulldogs," and also a basketball team. Heber Whiting was our coach most of the time. We had a tennis contest each year. I was too small to play basketball or football, but I played tennis. One time I was playing on health day for the tennis championship, which seemed important to me. We were playing down by the library, and I was winning against Ralph Gutke. The game was going real well when I looked up and saw my dad watching the match; for some reason I couldn't do anything after that, and I just lost the match. These are memories I will never forget.

As a young man I hauled coal from the railroad station to Aunt Mary's, and hauled milk from the farmers to a dairy in Smithfield in a Model T Ford. At the age of seventeen I started to sell insulation (rock wool) and installed it in house attics. Later I hauled milk to Borden's in Logan; I also sold and delivered whey from Cache Valley Dairy.

When I was twenty-two I married Vera Marie Roundy on June 12, 1934 in the Logan Temple. She was born November 14, 1913 at Benson,

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**The Dean P. Cantwell Family:** left to right, front — Jacqueline, Vera R. holding Stephanie, Kay Y. Cantwell, Stephen Ray Proffit, Geraldean C. Proffit, Jeffery William Proffit, Brian Dean Proffit and Trevor Roger; back — Gwen C. Cantwell holding Justin Dean, Roger G. Cantwell, Dean P., William Craig, Ray B. Proffit and Michael Bruce Proffit.

Utah; she is the daughter of Joseph Moroni Roundy and Dortha Johanne Larsen. I had been ordained an elder on April 29, 1934 by M. Harris Pond. We moved to Amalga the night we were married into a house that was mine. We later moved the house over on the farm. We lived in Amalga for seventeen years. I was president of the Amalga Ward Mutual.

Jim, my brother, and I started Cantwell Brothers Lumber Company in Amalga. We would fall the trees in Beaver, up Logan Canyon, and deliver rough lumber to people for building purposes. Later we came back to Smithfield to build our store and business at 532 South Main — never to return to dairy farming again.

After moving back to Smithfield we have always lived in the same house, but we have changed wards from the Third to the Second to the First. I was ordained a high priest on August 12, 1956 by Roy E. Erickson. We were later set apart as temple officiators. We worked in the old Logan Temple for ten and one-half years. I retired from the lumber business in 1972. In May 1977 we went to St. George as missionaries for one and a half years where we served at the Visitor's Center.

Vera and I are now officiating in the new Logan Temple, and we had the privilege of taking the first company through in the afternoon session of the first day the temple opened. It was quite a thrill. We were able to attend the dedicatory prayers at the temple and met President Kimball and his wife in the President's office in the temple. I have known all the church presidents from Heber J. Grant to President Kimball. I am now one of the teachers of the Gospel Doctrine class.

We currently reside at 405 South Main, Smithfield, Utah 84335.

#### *Children:*

*A481	Geraldean Cantwell Born 3 Feb 1936
*A482	Roger George Cantwell Born 19 Feb 1938
*A483	William Craig Cantwell Born 26 May 1944
—	Vera Dortha Cantwell Stillborn 13 Feb 1946

### **A481 Geraldean Cantwell Jones**

I was born February 3, 1936 in Logan, Utah, the first child of Dean Pratt Cantwell and Vera Marie Roundy. My first sixteen years were spent on a farm in Amalga. My dad was always restless on the farm and tried several ways to make a



**The Calvin E. Jones Family:** left to right, front — Gayla S. Proffit holding Jamie, Calvin E. holding Michelle Proffit and Geraldean C. holding Kim Estelle; back — Michael B. Proffit, Jeffery William Proffit, Stephen Ray Proffit, and Brian Dean Proffit.

living, such as hauling whey for pigs for Cache Valley Dairy and hauling milk. In 1944 Dad and his brother Jim started hauling lumber, a load per week, which later developed into the Cantwell Brothers Lumber business. The family then moved to Smithfield.

I married Ray Bruce Proffit, January 13, 1954, and we struggled to get Ray through U.S.U. where he received his R.O.T.C. commission. Ray was born March 24, 1935 at Ogden, Utah; he was the son of Ray Hamilton Proffit and Helen Viola Winchester. He entered his life's ambition and career, the United States Army, in August 1957. Four sons were born during several tours and at different places in the world. Michael Bruce was born while we were getting hubby through school. Brian Dean (named after my dad) was born shortly after his father entered the service. Stephen Ray was born while his dad was in Germany; we joined his father there when Steve was only three months old. Jeffery William was born during our tour to Germany. Ray died November 11, 1971 and is buried at Arlington National Cemetery, which fulfilled one of his dreams.

On April 5, 1973 I married Calvin Elmer Jones. We were later sealed together, with my four sons and his daughter Beverly Kay, in the Logan Temple. Calvin was born July 28, 1918 at Byron, Wyoming. He is the son of Oscar Seth Jones and Estella Johnson. On July 28, 1976 (Cal's birthday) Kim Estelle (named after her Grandmother Jones) was born to us. She brought such joy and completed our fine family of six children, counting his, mine, and ours.

As for Church assignments, I have been a visiting teacher for over twenty years, and I have been a teacher in Primary, Sunday School, and Relief Society. I have been president of both the Relief Society and Primary, a chorister in Primary, and counselor in the M.I.A. and Relief Society.

Just before our Kimi delighted our lives I had the privilege of serving as a receptionist for brides at the Logan Temple. At present I am serving in a new calling in the welfare department in Relief Society.

My hobbies include oil painting, cooking, gardening, sewing, tying quilts, and feeding hungry people. I love my Heavenly Father, my country, my family, and the gospel very much. I thank my Heavenly Father everyday for the good life I have, for the beauties that surround me, and

for the wonderful people that I love. I am truly blessed in every way.

We recently moved into our home that Cal built completely by himself, including the rock work on the fireplaces, electrical and plumbing. I helped out on somethings, too.

Our youngest son Jeff is now serving a mission to Brazil São Paulo South. Our baby Kimi is in kindergarten at Riverside Elementary in Logan. We have five grandchildren but consider this just a good start of something great. We live at 1035 Sumac Drive, Logan, Utah 84321.

#### *Children:*

*A4811	Beverly Kay Jones Born 2 Mar 1946
*A4812	Michael Bruce Proffit Born 23 Apr 1954
*A4813	Brian Dean Proffit Born 1 Dec 1957
*A4814	Stephen Ray Proffit Born 11 Aug 1960
A4815	Jeffery William Proffit Born 10 Jun 1962
A4816	Kim Estelle Jones Born 28 July 1976

#### **A4811 Beverly Kay Jones Cozzens**

I was born March 2, 1946 in Powell, Park County, Wyoming to Calvin Elmer Jones and Shirley Baird Lantrip.

I spent the first eighteen years of my life in Byron, Big Horn County, Wyoming. Byron is a very small community, and I have many happy memories of my growing-up years. I graduated from Byron High School in 1964, and then attended Brigham Young University for the next two years. In 1966 I graduated with an Associate Degree in Secretarial Science.

On July 3, 1966 I married Edward Taylor Cozzens in Las Vegas, Nevada. Ed was born December 25, 1945 in Pasadena, California; he is the son of Myron Edward Cozzens and Ariel June Taylor. He was in the United States Army at the time, and we spent our first year and a half of marriage in Giessen, Germany. In July of 1967 we were sealed for time and eternity in the Swiss Temple.

When Ed was discharged from the army we

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**The Edward T. Cozzens Family:** left to right, front — Phillip J. and Jeffery Lee; back — Edward T., Taylor J. and Beverly J.

moved to Utah, and Ed enrolled at B.Y.U. Our three sons have all been born in Provo. Ed works as a diesel mechanic on large GMC trucks. I have worked since we have been married and am presently working for U.S. Steel, Geneva Works, in Orem, Utah.

I enjoy playing the piano, doing needlework, gardening, and as a family we have a lot of fun riding motorcycles. In 1971 we bought a home in Springville, Utah and we are still living there at 660 East Cutler, Springville, Utah 84663.

*Children:*

- |               |   |
|---------------|---|
| <b>A48111</b> | Taylor J. Cozzens<br>Born 19 Apr 1970   |
| <b>A48112</b> | Phillip J. Cozzens<br>Born 9 Feb 1973   |
| <b>A48113</b> | Jeffery Lee Cozzens<br>Born 10 Dec 1976 |

## **A4812 Michael Bruce Proffit**

I was born at the Logan Hospital on April 23, 1954. I am the oldest child of my parents, Ray Bruce Proffit and Geraldean Cantwell.

My father was going to college at the time, while working at his dad's grocery store. When he graduated he joined the Army Infantry Division as a commissioned officer. We then moved to



**The Michael B. Proffit Family:** left to right — Gayla S. holding Jamie, Michael B. and Michelle.

Fort Devans, Massachusetts, back to Logan, and then to Germany. From Germany we moved to Louisiana where I had trouble in the fourth grade, probably due to a little culture shock. Fort Benning, Georgia was our next home. Dad then was transferred to Vietnam, so while I was in sixth grade we lived with Mom's parents in Smithfield.

When Dad returned from Vietnam we moved to Boulder, Colorado, but for ninth grade I was back in Utah (Logan) because he again went to Vietnam. When Dad got back from Vietnam the second time we moved to Taiwan, where he got mortally sick from Hodgkin's Disease. We moved to Washington, D.C. where he was treated at Walter Reed Hospital until he died. He was buried at Arlington Cemetery with full military honors.

For my senior year we moved to Logan. I then continued my education at Utah State University where I was an active member of Sigma Nu Fraternity. I married Gayla Schwartz on December 12, 1975 during my Senior year in college. Gayla was born July 6, 1953 in Challis, Idaho. She is the daughter of Wayne G. Schwartz and Betty Jean Loftus.

After graduating as a mechanical engineer, I went to work for Utah Power and Light Company, first in their home office in Salt Lake City and then at their Huntington Plant near Castle Dale, Utah. Michelle, our first daughter, was born in Provo while we lived in Castle Dale. Then

I was transferred to their Hunter Plant but still lived in Castle Dale. Jamie was born in Price. From there we moved to Moapa, Nevada so that I could work at Nevada Power Company's Reid Gardner Station. Presently I am working for Deseret Generation and Transmission Cooperative.

I have always lived the abundant life and have never strayed far from the gospel principles. I have a strong testimony of the gospel, and I enjoy the blessings I continually receive. We live at 1152 Eat Colima Drive, Sandy, Utah 84070.

#### *Children:*

- A48121** Michelle Proffit  
Born 8 Sep 1976
- A48122** Jamie Proffit  
Born 4 Jan 1979
- A48123** Melissa Proffit  
Born 27 Jan 1982

### **A4813 Brian Dean Proffit**

I was born December 1, 1957 at Logan, Utah to Ray Bruce Proffit and Geraldean Cantwell.

I can't remember anything until I was about five years old while we were living in Bamberg, Germany. I remember my older brother Mike got a bicycle, but I learned to ride it without training wheels before he did. My two grandmas came to Germany to see us and bought me a scooter which I really put to use. We moved to Fort Benning, Georgia when I was six. All I can remember is a



**Brian D. and Diana A. Proffit.**

great big tank wash where we used to swim, and lots of natural clay. After one year we moved to DeRidder, Louisiana. I can remember our great big yard with all the mice, a spooky old pond about a couple of blocks from our house, and our dog Heidi who chewed on everything we owned.

When I was in the third grade my dad was sent to Vietnam for a year, so my mom and we boys moved to Smithfield to live in my grandparent's basement. I can remember an unsuccessful venture into the nightcrawler business, and our little tree houses that weren't much more than a couple of boards to sit on. After a year we moved to Boulder, Colorado where we lived for almost three years. I remember Dad getting an old Willy's Jeep, and all the fishing we did together. I can remember my first skiing trip, and can even remember being baptized there.

For my sixth grade my dad was sent back to Vietnam; of course we moved back to Cache Valley. Those were the days of pinball machines and marbles. I can remember sliding back the glass on the pinball machine at Steed's Dairy. We would play forever on the free replay — shame, shame! I remember that I had an asthma attack once, and the kid I was wrestling with at the time got so scared he called an ambulance. Seventh grade was spent in Taiwan. I remember most the unique scheduling at school (almost like college), a two-week boy scout camp on the beach, and lots of comic books. It was here in Taiwan that I began to play tennis.

As a result of my dad's illness we moved to Silver Springs, Maryland. It was here that I became quite the businessman; I sold candy at school. I would buy it at stores and resell it at school at a large markup. I would sometimes gross twenty-five cents a day, and that's when a candy bar was only a dime.

I entered Logan Junior High School after Christmas of my ninth grade. I was a hard guy compared to most of the neighborhood. High school meant cars and girls, and a lot of work to support both habits. When I started college I came into some government money and got even more spoiled. I went on a mission as I had always said I would. I nearly shocked my family and friends to death though because nobody ever thought I would. I went to the England, London Mission, and after a slow start I really had a great mission.

When I got home from my mission I married

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Diana Lynn Alderman, the first eligible girl I talked to. Diana was born May 13, 1959 at Salt Lake City, Utah; she is the daughter of Elden Reed Alderman and Janet Rosella Harman. She is the cutest girl you could ever meet and I'm happy as a prince.

We moved to Salt Lake City when we first got married. I had an internship, and Diana was an accounts payable clerk. I went one quarter at the University of Utah, and then we moved back to Logan to finish school. Before my mission I was heavily involved in a social fraternity and was strictly a C student. After my mission and marriage I averaged nearly a 4.0 grade. I graduated from U.S.U. in June 1981 at Logan, Utah in the College of Business with an accounting degree. After job interviews I decided on one of the "Big Eight," Peat Marwick Mitchell and Company in Houston, Texas. We currently reside at 10300 Harwin, #111, Houston, Texas 77036.

#### **A4814 Stephen Ray Proffit**

Stephen R. Proffit was born August 11, 1960 in Logan, Utah to Ray Bruce Proffit and Geraldean Cantwell.

When his mother came home from the hospital, she asked Grandma Proffit to take Brian while Grandma Cantwell took Michael so that she could be alone with her new baby and get acquainted with him while she regained her strength. It was a special time, as we usually come closer to our Heavenly Father at the birth of one of his blessed spirits, when they are entrusted to our care. When Stephen was three months old the family joined his dad who was in Germany serving with the Army (his dad's career). When Stephen was three-years old we flew back to the United States. We picked up a new station wagon at New York and drove across the States to Utah to see all our families; then drove back across the States to Georgia where Steve's dad went to Advanced Infantry Officers' Training at Fort Benning. We were in Fort Polk, Louisiana for one year after that. During those two years in Georgia and Louisiana Steve loved our big dog Heidi.

Steve's dad was on a tour of duty in Vietnam when Steve started kindergarten, so he started school in Smithfield, Utah where the family spent a year living with grandparents. He attended first grade in Boulder, Colorado. By second grade his



**Stephen R. Proffit**

dad was on another tour of duty in Vietnam, so he went to Ellis Elementary in Logan, Utah. The family then spent a year in Taiwan where Steve attended Taipei American School. While in Taiwan it was discovered that his father had a terminal disease, and we spent sixteen months living in Silver Springs, Maryland where Steve attended Burnt Mills Elementary for his fourth grade. There his father was treated at Walter Reed Army Hospital, died, and was buried at Arlington Cemetery. The family then returned to Utah to make our home, and Steve continued his education in Logan at Adams Elementary, Logan Junior High, and Logan Senior High.

Stephen entered the Mission Home on December 20, 1979, serving in the Canada, Halifax Mission; later the boundaries were changed, and he served in the Massachusetts, Boston Mission. He met his grandparents, parents, and his little sister Kim at the Washington, D.C. Temple on his way home from his mission, and was released on December 15, 1981.

He is now attending Utah State University, with a Mechanical Engineering major. Steve is living at home at 1035 Sumac Drive, Logan, Utah 84321.

#### **A482 Roger George Cantwell**

My sister Geraldean was just two years old when I was born on February 19, 1938 at Logan, Utah to my parents, Dean Pratt Cantwell and Vera Marie Roundy. My father was so anxious for me to be a boy; I was welcomed with lots of love. Geraldean mothered me every day of my childhood.



**The Roger G. Cantwell Family: clockwise from the left — Trevor Roger, Roger G., Gwen C., Jacqueline, Justin Dean and Stephanie.**

My parents took us everywhere. We were very involved in the ward, and it was like one happy family. Uncle Jim and Aunt Afton and their family, together with us, almost lived the United Order. We had one car to share, which included Uncle Ken and Grandpa and Grandma Cantwell, so we either took turns or all went together. One time I remember it was time for me to go to Primary and we didn't have the car, so I decided to walk. It was quite a ways but I made it. My teacher Margaret Noble was so proud of my efforts that she gave me a ride home.

I was always ambitious. I have always had an urge within me to keep moving — to get things done. When the day was through I wasn't ready to quit. I never got tired — I always wanted to do just one more job. We had a backyard which had a heavy crop of grass. I had a very special wagon and small pitchfork with which I would rake the grass, load it into my wagon, and then unload it onto the lawn a dozen times a day. I enjoyed talking to my imaginary special friend "Paul Reid." He was very real to me. I never did anything wrong; it was always "Paul" who did the wrong.

I loved our nightly ritual. We would go over to the barn where my dad milked cows, and he would milk me a cup of warm milk. I never tasted anything so good. Then we would go home and have a warm bath (which Geraldine and I shared), then pajamas and a robe, and then our story hour. We always had Bible stories, which were very real to me. My parents always told me they were true. Then we would have our drinks of water.

We moved from Amalga to Smithfield when I

was just fourteen. My parents bought me a trumpet and I was in the junior high school band. My cousin Wayne and I were buddies. We went everywhere together; we even went to the scout jamboree in California together. When I went to North Cache I was on the wrestling team. I loved to drive a car and wanted wheels under me.

I heard about the navy and had dreams of getting away; so I pestered my parents to let me go. They didn't want me to join the navy; they wanted me to go on a mission for the Church, which I just couldn't see doing. I persisted and joined the navy. Lots of experiences in the navy taught me a love for my country and my family. I was very lonely and homesick while I was gone, but my time was soon over and I could come back to my home. I saw lots of seaports, cities, and countries (Japan, Hawaii, and the Philippines).

I was twenty years old when I arrived home. My mother was so glad to have me home. She wanted me to be so good so I joined the choir, but I couldn't sing. She cooked all my favorite foods, including curry and rice. While I was in Japan I ordered curry and rice but didn't eat it. They asked me why, and I told them it wasn't like my mother made.

Two weeks after I returned home I met Gwen Cottle and fell in love with her. We were married in my parent's home, December 12, 1958, by our Stake President Byron Ravisten. Gwen was born November 7, 1940 at Fairview, Idaho. She is the daughter of Rex Abraham Cottle and June Susanna Bingham. I went into the lumber business with my father who has taught me many things about the business and about life.

I have had a happy life. I love horses and have trained and raced many. I own many trophies for my efforts. This hobby has kept my family together and happy. We have been blessed with four children. I now am a partner in Larry's Lumber in Brigham City. We reside at 490 West 3rd North, Smithfield, Utah 84335.

#### *Children:*

- \*A4821 Trevor Roger Cantwell  
Born 31 Jul 1959
- \*A4822 Jacqueline Cantwell  
Born 10 Apr 1962
- A4823 Stephanie Cantwell  
Born 25 Jan 1969
- A4824 Justin Dean Cantwell  
Born 25 Jan 1969

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## A4821 Trevor Roger Cantwell

I was born Friday, July 31, 1959 in the Logan Hospital in Logan, Utah. I am the first child of Roger George Cantwell and Gwen Cottle.

Our home was on 4th West in Smithfield, Utah. There was a large barn in the back of our yard, and my father became interested in horses. He trained them with spirit and love. When we were very young we started to ride and feed them, and loved the thrill of racehorses.

I attended Smithfield City elementary schools, then junior high at North Cache, and Sky View High School in Smithfield. My grandfather and my Uncle Jim owned a lumber yard on South Main. After my father returned from the navy he worked with his father and learned to become a good buyer. When I was ten years old I went to work with them. I went after school and during all my free time. I dearly loved my work.

My parents and grandparents were diligent in teaching me the gospel of Jesus Christ. I was baptized when I was eight years old on August 4, 1967. I attended all my meetings. My friends were Craig Gittens and Jody Johnson.

My father left the family lumber yard in 1970. He started a lumber yard in Brigham City, Utah called Larry's Lumber. He wanted me to join him, which I did.

In 1977 I met Lynda Andrews and we were married April 27, 1979. Lynda was born January

21, 1959 in Logan, but she moved to North Carolina where she spent her childhood. I feel she came back to Logan just for me. The Lord had a hand in bringing us together. Lynda is the daughter of Ronald Hal Andrews and Gladys Lucille Freeman. We had a beautiful reception.

I now have two beautiful little girls; they are so special to me.

We built our home and currently reside at 895 West 370 South, Logan, Utah 84321.

### *Children:*

A48211 Jamie Cantwell  
Born 18 Aug 1977

A48212 Britney Cantwell  
Born 17 Apr 1981

## A4822 Jacqueline Cantwell Nelson

I was born April 10, 1962 at Logan, Utah to Roger George Cantwell and Gwen Cottle.

I was the first daughter of my parents and the oldest granddaughter of Dean and Vera Cantwell. I grew up in Smithfield, Utah where I attended school, graduating from Skyview High School in 1980 where I was active in the Rodeo Club.

Our family was raised with horses, and I developed a love for them. When I was little I always wanted to help my dad with the horses; he always made me feel that I was needed. Eventually I became a real help in the family horse business. I



The Trevor R. Cantwell Family: left to right — Lynda A. holding Britney, Trevor R. and Jamie.



Mark Q. and Jacqueline C. Nelson.

now have my own horse and enjoy all of the events — barrel racing, pole bending, goat tying, breakaway roping, etc.

On June 26, 1981 I married Mark Quinn Nelson at Logan, Utah. Quinn was born March 8, 1960 at Logan, Utah to Henry Dean Nelson and Doreen Isabella Loosle. Currently, I am working for Weathershield in Logan; we make wood windows for home construction. Quinn works in a family business doing custom hauling. We recently moved into a new home that we built ourselves at 2585 North 400 East, North Logan, Utah 84321.

### A483 William Craig Cantwell

I was born May 26, 1944 in Logan, Utah to Dean Pratt Cantwell and Vera Marie Roundy. My dad's Aunt Mary Griffiths came to the hospital to see us when I was born. With her she brought arms of flowers from her garden in Smithfield. She said, "His name shall be William after his grandfather Cantwell." And so it was; my father blessed me and gave me the name William Craig Cantwell, which soon became Bill. As the baby of the family I had lots of extra mothering, especially from Geraldean.

I always had an ability to memorize and re-



The William C. Cantwell Family: left to right, front — Blaine William and Kay Y.; back — William C. holding Michael and Kay Y.

member things well. When we lived in Amalga I was asked to be on the Christmas program. I hadn't been talking too long, but I repeated "The Night Before Christmas." In school I memorized the story of Abraham Lincoln from a book and recited it for Veda Smith's class.

When I was eight we moved to our new home in Smithfield. I liked school and the Third Ward very much. I had many friends, but Cort Budge and Lee Mack were my preference. I belonged to a 4-H Club. I had a show calf that I raised and took to the fairs. My family always supported me when I was showing my calf, whether or not I won.

I remember well the summer Mother and I visited Geraldean and Bruce in Massachusetts. We traveled over seven thousand miles visiting relatives and seeing that part of the country. When Mother went to Europe in 1972 Dad told me I could go; but I had a job down at the pea factory which excited me, so I stayed home with Dad.

I met Kay Yearsley in March 1962. I then left for a mission in the Gulf States Mission in November 1963. I loved my mission and the people I worked with. I returned home on Thanksgiving Day 1965. Kay and I became engaged on Christmas Day 1966. I went to Utah State University for a winter quarter that year, but decided that college wasn't for me; so I joined my father and brother at the Cantwell Brothers Lumber Yard in Smithfield. Here I had many good experiences, which makes a choice way for me to make a living for my family.

On May 13, 1966 Kay and I were married in the Logan Temple for time and all eternity. Kay was born July 22, 1945 at Ogden, Utah; she is the daughter of James Blaine Yearsley and Elva Pearl Harbertson. We lived in Logan and Smithfield until we moved into our new home in January 1968. Kay and I both worked for several years before we were finally able to have children. We now have three fine boys.

My life is full of joy and happiness. I work doing the things I love to do, and live the gospel of Jesus Christ. We live at 450 South Main, Smithfield, Utah 84335, just across the street from my parents, which has been a rich blessing.

#### Children:

A4831

Blaine William Cantwell  
Born 30 Jul 1973

A4832 Craig James Cantwell

Born 27 Aug 1977

A4833 Michael Dean Cantwell

Born 7 Feb 1981

## A49 Kenneth Robert Cantwell

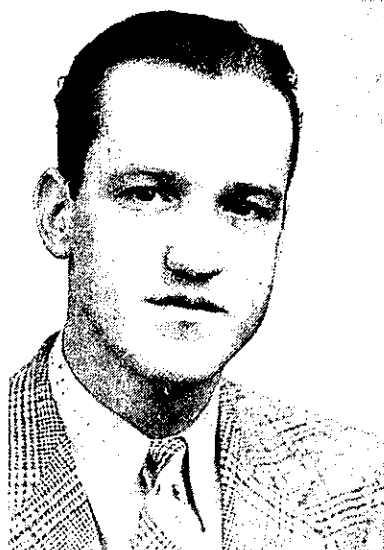
Kenneth Robert Cantwell was born February 22, 1917 at Smithfield, Utah. He is the youngest son of William Hamer Cantwell and Eliza Jane Mouritsen.

Ken attended Smithfield elementary and junior high schools; he graduated from North Cache High School in Richmond. Ken was an obedient dutiful son. He had many friends and was always good company.

After high school he attended Utah Agricultural College in Logan. He loved to sing and go to the dances. He sang with a band during his college years. He worked hard and dated very little because he was saving his money to go to dental school. He graduated from college in 1938.

With his savings and the help of his father and older brothers, he was able to attend dental school at North Pacific College in Portland, Oregon. Ken's father had served a mission in the northwest; because his father had always talked so favorably and enthusiastically about the area Ken wanted to go to school in Oregon.

After completing dental school Ken joined the Dental Corps and was stationed in Texas. It was here that he met Margaret Sue Jarrell who was



**Kenneth R. Cantwell**



**The Kenneth R. Cantwell Family: left to right — Kenneth R., Sue J. and Gary K.**

with the Red Cross. She was born November 12, 1916 at Blossom, Texas. She is the daughter of Richard Jarrell and Susannah Brooks. She graduated from the University of Texas with a B.S. degree in social work. They were married September 1, 1945 at Fort Worth, Texas.

After their tour of duty with the military they returned to Portland to make their home. Ken established his dental practice there and also taught at the dental school.

In 1957 they became the proud parents of Gary Kenneth Cantwell who was born in Portland.

Ken is professor of dentistry and chairman of the Department of Operative Dentistry at the University of Oregon. He is listed in *Who's Who in America*. He teaches and lectures to undergraduates and practicing dentists. Ken is also a great golf enthusiast.

Ken and Sue currently reside at 1613 S.W. Westwood Court, Portland, Oregon 97201.

### *Children:*

\*A491 Gary Kenneth Cantwell  
Born 3 Oct 1957

## A491 Gary Kenneth Cantwell

Gary Kenneth Cantwell was born October 3, 1957 at Portland, Oregon. He is the only child of Kenneth Robert Cantwell and Margaret Sue Jarrell.

He was born with a special spirit. He was always



**Gary K. Cantwell**

very kind to animals and wanted to be a veterinarian as one of his childhood dreams.

He attended Wilson High School and won four letters in golf.

In 1980 Gary graduated from Oregon State University with a degree in electrical engineering and a minor in business administration. At present he is enrolled at Arizona State in Tempe for a master's degree in business administration. Gary currently resides at 601 East Apache Boulevard, Box 228, Tempe, Arizona 85281.